THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

(The Living Corpse)

LEO TOLSTOY

Class_____

Book_____

The Man Who Was Dead

WORKS OF LEO TOLSTOY

Published by Dodd, Mead & Company

Resurrection, a Novel

Hadji Murád, a Novel

Father Sergius and Other Stories

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories

The Man Who Was Dead
(The Living Corpse) Dramas

The Light That Shines in Darkness, a Drama

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

(The Living Corpse)

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

Dramas

BY

(LEO) TOLSTOY, Lev Nikolaevich, graf

Author of "Anna Karenina," "Resurrection," etc.

EDITED BY DR. HAGBERG WRIGHT

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1912

PG 3366
Z5W7

COPYRIGHT, 1911,
BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

190277
12

Recat MMG 21 July

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD	11
THE CAUSE OF IT ALL	159

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

ELIZAVETA ALEXANDROVNA PROTASOV, } her
ALEXANDRA ALEXANDROVNA (SASHA), } daughters

FEDOR VASILIEVICH PROTASOV. Lisa's husband.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA KARENIN. Fifty years.

VICTOR MIKHAILOVICH KARENIN. Her son, thirty-eight years.

PRINCE SERGIUS DMITRIEVICH ABRESKOV. Sixty years.

MIKHAIL ALEXANDROVICH AFREMOV. Protasov's friend.

STAKHOV,
BUTKEVICH,
KOROTKOV, } Afremov's friends.

IVAN MAKSIMOVICH. Old gipsy.

NASTASSIA IVANOVNA. His wife.

MASHA. Their daughter.

IVAN PETROVICH ALEXANDROV.

PETUSHKOV.

ARTEMIEV.

VOSNESSENSKY. Secretary of the Synod.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE.

SECRETARY OF THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE.

YOUNG LAWYER.
PETRUSHIN. Lawyer.
DOCTOR.
OFFICIAL.
MARIA DMITRIEVNA O. Friend of Lisa.
NURSE.
MISHNA. Lisa's little son.
GUARD in the court.
SERVANTS, GIPSIES, WAITERS, POLICEMEN, ETC.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

ACT I

SCENE I

ANNA PAVLOVNA, *a stout, middle-aged, tight-laced lady, is sitting at the tea-table.*

The NURSE *enters, with a teapot in her hand.*

NURSE.

May I take some boiling water?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Oh, certainly. How is baby?

NURSE.

As restless as can be. What is the good of ladies trying to nurse their babies themselves! All their worries the baby has to suffer for. When a mother stays awake all night long, and never leaves off crying, what can her milk be worth?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Oh, that's over, I think. She is quiet now.

NURSE.

Quiet, indeed! I can't stand looking at the poor dear. Just now she started off to write, and how she cried all the time!

SASHA (*entering*).

(*To* NURSE.) Lisa wants you.

NURSE.

I'm coming. (*She goes out.*)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Nurse says she still goes on crying. I do wish she could manage to get over it!

SASHA.

Mother, you are perfectly astonishing! How on earth can you expect her to behave as if nothing had happened, when she's just left her husband and taken her baby with her?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I don't exactly. But the past must be left to take care of itself. You may be quite sure that if I approve of my daughter having left her husband, and if I welcome the step she has taken — well, that he deserved it. She has no reason to

make herself miserable. She ought only to be overjoyed at being free now from such an abominable wretch.

SASHA.

How can you talk like that, mother? You know perfectly well it isn't true. He's not a wretch; he's a wonderful man — yes, he is. Oh, of course, I know he has faults, but he's wonderful!

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Wonderful, indeed! The moment he has money, whether he gets it from his own pocket or somebody else's —

SASHA.

Mother! He has never taken anybody else's money.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Yes, he has. Hasn't he taken his wife's money?

SASHA.

Why, he settled the whole of his fortune on Lisa!

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

It was the only thing for him to do. He knew he would squander everything he could lay hands on.

SASHA.

I'm sure I don't care whether he would or he wouldn't. All I know is that a wife ought not to leave her husband — particularly a husband like Fedia.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I suppose you would have liked her to wait till he had spent absolutely everything they had, and not have objected in the least when he brought his gipsy mistresses home with him?

SASHA.

He hasn't got any mistresses.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

That is the worst of it — he seems to have bewitched you all; I don't know how. I should like to see him try it on with me. I can see through him, and he knows it. In Lisa's place I would have left him a good twelve months ago.

SASHA.

Oh, you think it's all so easy!

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

That's just where you're mistaken. It's very far from easy for me to see my daughter separated

from her husband. It is, indeed. But anything is better than that a young life like hers should be ruined. I consider it truly providential that she has made up her mind to go, and that everything is over between them.

SASHA.

Perhaps it isn't.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

It will be. If only he will consent to a divorce.

SASHA.

What will be the good of that?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

The good will be that she is young and that she may still have some happiness in store for her.

SASHA.

It is simply disgusting to hear you talk like that, mother! Lisa can't love another man.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Why not? Why shouldn't she, when she's free? There are men a thousand times better than your adored Fedia who would be enchanted to marry Lisa.

SASHA.

I know whom you mean, mother. It's very wrong of you. I know you mean Victor Karenin.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Well, there's no harm in it if I do. He's been in love with her for ten years, and she loves him.

SASHA.

She doesn't love him in the least as a husband. They have just been friends ever since they were children.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I know what such friendships mean. Oh, if only nothing crops up to prevent it!

A MAID *enters.*

What is it?

MAID.

The porter has come back with an answer to the note for Victor Mikhailovich.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Who sent him?

MAID.

Elizaveta Andreevna.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Well?

MAID.

Victor Mikhailovich told the porter he would be here directly.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

How extraordinary, when we were just talking about him! But what can she want him for now? (*To* SASHA.) Do you know?

SASHA.

Maybe I do. Maybe I don't.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You always make secrets of things.

SASHA.

Lisa will tell you when she comes.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

shakes her head. (*To the* MAID.) The samovar is cold. Take it away, Duniasha, and make the water boil again.

The MAID *takes the samovar and goes out.* SASHA *rises as if to follow her from the room.*

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You see I was right. She has sent for him at once.

SASHA.

I dare say it's some perfectly different reason from what you think.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

What for, then?

SASHA.

She doesn't care a scrap more for Karenin than for that old nurse Tripovna.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You will see. I know her. She's sent for him because she wants him to console her.

SASHA.

O mother, how little you know her if you can think —

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You will see. Yes, and I am very, very glad indeed.

SASHA.

We'll see. (*She goes out, humming.*)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

(*Alone, shaking her head and muttering to herself.*) Very well, I don't mind. Very well, I don't mind. I —

MAID (*entering.*)

Victor Mikhailovich has come.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Ask him in, and tell Elizaveta Andreevna.

The MAID *goes out by the door leading to the inner apartments.*

VICTOR KARENIN

entering, and shaking hands with ANNA PAVLOVNA. I got a note from Elizaveta Andreevna asking me to come round. I meant in any case to call this evening, so I was delighted . . . is she quite well?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

She is all right; the baby is a little ailing. She will be here in a minute. (*Sadly.*) We are having a hard time just now. But you know all about that.

KARENIN.

I know. I was here the day before yesterday, when that letter came from him. But is this really a final decision?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I should think so! It would be utterly impossible to begin all over again.

KARENIN.

I should like to urge that in this case particularly second thoughts may be best. It is a terrible thing to tear lives apart that have been bound together.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

No doubt. But with them the rift began long ago, and the complete severance was easier than one would have thought. He understands that after all that has happened he could not return home, even if it had been open to him to do so.

KARENIN.

Why?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

After his disgusting conduct? He swore it should never never happen again, and he gave his word that if it did he would voluntarily resign all claims on his wife, and give her back her entire freedom.

KARENIN.

How can a wife tied by the marriage bond be given back her freedom?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

She can be made free by a divorce. He has agreed to a divorce, and we shall insist on it.

KARENIN.

But Elizaveta Andreevna loved him so deeply —

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Her love has been so terribly tried that there is hardly anything left of it. Drinking, gambling, unfaithfulness — what love could bear with such a husband?

KARENIN.

True love holds in spite of all.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You say: love. But who could love a man like that? He was perfectly unreliable; there was no depending on him in anything. You know the last thing that happened (*looking back at the door, and finishing quickly what she had to say.*) Their situation was absolutely critical, everything was pawned — they had nothing to meet the most necessary expenses. At last his uncle sent two thousand roubles due as interest. He takes that money and disappears, leaving his wife alone with the sick

baby, waiting for him; and then comes a note, asking to have his clothes and things sent after him.

KARENIN.

Yes, I know.

SASHA *and* LISA *come in together.*

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Victor Mikhailovich does come, you see, when you send for him.

KARENIN.

I would have come sooner, but I was detained (*he shakes hands with the sisters.*)

LISA.

Thank you so much. I have a great service to ask you. There is no one else I could turn to.

KARENIN.

Anything I can do, I will.

LISA.

You know all about this, don't you?

KARENIN.

Yes, I know.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Then I will leave you to yourselves. (*To* SASHA.) Come with me. We shall be in the way.

(ANNA PAVLOVNA *and* SASHA *go out.*)

LISA.

Well, he has written to me saying it's all over between us. I (*restraining her tears*) was so hurt that —. Anyhow, I agreed to separate. I have answered that I am willing to part, as he wishes it.

KARENIN.

And now you are sorry for having said so?

LISA.

Yes. I feel I ought not to have accepted. I cannot.— Anything, but not to part with him. Now, give him that letter. Please, Victor, give him the letter and tell him.— Bring him back!

KARENIN (*surprised.*)

Well, but —

LISA.

Say I ask him to forget all that has happened, and to come back. Of course I could send him the letter. But I know him so well: his first impulse,

as always, would be a good one; but then somebody else's influence would come in, and he would change his mind and do the contrary of what he really wished.

KARENIN.

I will do what I can.

LISA.

You are surprised at my asking *you* to help me?

KARENIN.

No — well, yes, to tell the truth; yes, I am surprised.

LISA.

But not angry?

KARENIN.

How can I be angry with you?

LISA.

I asked *you* because I know you love him.

KARENIN.

Him, and you. You know that. And you know that I love you for yourself alone, not for anything I may hope from you. Thank you for trusting me. I will do all I can.

LISA.

I know you will. I will tell you everything. I called to-day at Afremov's to ask if they knew where he was. They told me that he had gone to the gipsies. I am in terrible anxiety. I am so afraid of his passion for them. If he is not restrained in time, it will enslave him again. It must be prevented. You will look for him?

KARENIN.

I'll go at once.

LISA.

Go. Find him, and tell him I've forgotten everything and am waiting for him.

KARENIN (*rising.*)

But where shall I go to find him?

LISA.

He is at the gipsies'. I went to the place myself. I went to the door.—I was just going to send in the letter, but then I thought I had better not, and decided to ask you. Here is the address. Tell him that he is to come back as if nothing had happened; that I have forgotten everything. Do it out of love for him, and out of friendship for us.

KARENIN.

I will do everything I can. (*He bows to her and goes out.*)

LISA (*alone.*)

I cannot, I cannot. Anything but — I cannot!
(*Enter* SASHA.)

SASHA.

Well, have you asked him?

LISA (*nods.*)

SASHA.

And he was willing to go?

LISA.

Of course.

SASHA.

But why did you ask *him* to do it? I can't understand.

LISA.

Whom else could I ask?

SASHA.

But you know that he is in love with you.

LISA.

That is a thing of the past. And whom else

would you have me ask? Tell me: you think he will come back?

SASHA.

I am sure he will. He —

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

(*coming back.*) Where is Victor Mikhailovich?

LISA.

Gone.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Gone?

LISA.

I have asked him to do something for me.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

What was it? Another secret?

LISA.

No secret at all. I simply asked him to take a letter to Fedia.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

To Fedia? To Fedor Vasilievich?

LISA.

Yes, to Fedia.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I thought it was all over between you.

LISA.

I cannot part from him.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

What! The same old story beginning again?

LISA.

I wanted to: I tried hard, but I can't. I'll do anything you like, but I can't part from him.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You don't mean you want him to come back?

LISA.

Yes, I do.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

To have that wretch again in your house!

LISA.

Mother, I wish you would not talk about my husband like that.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

He was your husband, but he is so no more.

LISA.

He is my husband.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

A spendthrift, a drunkard, a rake — and you cannot part from him.

LISA.

Why do you torture me? I am wretched enough as it is. You are so inconsiderate —

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

That is how you take it. I torture you, do I? Very well. Then I had better go. I cannot stand it.

(LISA *keeps silent.*)

I see; I am in your way, and you want me to go. I can only say I am disgusted. I don't understand you, or what you want. You are wholly unreliable. One moment you decide to leave your husband, the next you send for the man who is in love with you.

LISA.

Nothing of the kind.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

You know that Karenin proposed to you, and

now you send him to bring back your husband. Do you simply want to make him jealous?

LISA.

Mother! how abominable! Do leave me in peace, can't you?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Turn out your mother, do; and welcome your depraved husband. No, no; I won't wait for you to do it. I shall go at once. And you can do whatever you choose. (*She goes out, banging the door.*)

LISA.

(*dropping into a chair.*) That, too!

SASHA.

Don't worry. That will be all right. We will make peace with mother.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

(*crossing the room.*) Duniasha, my bag!

SASHA.

Listen, mother!

(*She follows her mother out of the room looking significantly at* LISA.)

Scene II

A room at the gipsies'. Gipsies sing "Kanavella."

(Fedia *is lying on the sofa, his face down; he has taken off his coat.*

Afremov *is sitting astride on a chair, facing the leader of the gipsy singers.*

An Officer *sits at the table, on which are standing bottles of champagne and glasses. At his side sits a* Musician *taking down the songs.*)

Afremov.

You asleep, Fedia?

Fedia.

(*rising.*) Shut up! Now then, "Not the evening hour."

Gipsy.

Not yet, Fedor Vasilievich. Let Masha sing a song first.

Fedia.

All right. And after that, "Not the evening hour." (*He lies down again.*)

Officer.

Let's have "The fatal hour!"

GIPSY.

(*to* AFREMOV.) Shall she sing that?

AFREMOV.

I don't mind.

OFFICER.

(*to the* MUSICIAN.) Have you got it right?

MUSICIAN.

It's impossible to take it down correctly. Each time the tune changes somehow. And they seem to have a different scale. Now, here. (*He calls to a gipsy woman.*) How is this? (*Humming the tune.*) Is this right?

GIPSY WOMAN.

Quite right. Splendid.

FEDIA.

(*rising.*) He won't get it right on paper, and even if he does, and then shovels it into an opera, he'll make it seem absolutely rotten. Well, Masha, fire away! Anything will do: "The fatal hour," if you like. Take the guitar. (*He rises, sits down facing her, and looks in her eyes.*)

(MASHA *sings.*)

FEDIA.

That's wonderful. And you're wonderful too, Masha! Now then, "Not the evening hour."

AFREMOV.

Wait a moment. Let's have my funeral song first.

OFFICER.

Funeral? What's that?

AFREMOV.

Why, when I die. . . . Really die, you know; when I am lying in the coffin, the gipsies will come . . . I shall give directions to my wife in my will, you know. And then, when they begin singing their "Shol-me-wersta," I shall jump out of the coffin, don't you know. That is the song you ought to note down. Now then, start in!

(*The* GIPSIES *sing.*)

AFREMOV.

What do you say to that? Eh? And now, "Love, my dear ones."

(*The* GIPSIES *sing.*)

(AFREMOV *dances to the tune.*
The GIPSIES, *smiling, go on singing and beat the measure.*

AFREMOV *sits down. The song ends.*)

GIPSY.

I say, Mikhail Andreevich, you dance like a true gipsy.

FEDIA.

And now, "Not the evening hour."

(*The* GIPSIES *sing.*)

That's it. That is the song. Wonderful! And how does it all happen? What is it all about? Wonderful, wonderful! To think that man can reach such ecstasy and then — nothing more; nothing further — we can achieve nothing with it!

MUSICIAN.

(*taking notes.*) Yes, it is very original.

FEDIA.

Original is not the word. It is the real thing.

AFREMOV.

Well, Pharaoh's tribe, take a rest. (*He takes a guitar, and sits down at the side of the gipsy girl* KATIA.)

MUSICIAN.

It is very simple, on the whole, but there's something queer about the rhythm.

FEDIA.

(*with a gesture, comes near* MASHA *and sits down on the sofa close to her.*) O Masha, Masha, you turn my soul inside out.

MASHA.

Well? What is it I asked you for?

FEDIA.

What? Money. (*He takes money out from his trousers' pockets.*) There, take it.

(MASHA *laughs, takes the money, and hides it in her bodice.*)

FEDIA.

(*to the* GIPSIES.) Incomprehensible creature! She unlocks the gates of heaven for me! And then all she asks for is — money! In the devil's name, do you understand yourself what you are doing?

MASHA.

I don't know what there is to understand. I

understand that if I care for some one I do my best to please him, and I sing for him better than for all the rest.

FEDIA.

Do you care for me?

MASHA.

You know how much.

FEDIA.

You — marvel! (*Kisses her.*)

(*The* GIPSIES, MEN and WOMEN, *leave the room. A few couples remain:* AFREMOV *with* KATIA, *the* OFFICER *with another girl,* GASHA. *The* MUSICIAN *writes. A gipsy plays a waltz on the guitar very softly.*)

FEDIA.

I am a married man. And you belong to your gipsy troupe. They would not let you —

MASHA.

My heart and the troupe have nothing to do with one another. If I love a man, I love him no matter what comes. Or if I hate a man, I hate him, and no help for it.

FEDIA.

I am happy! I am happy! And you — are you happy?

MASHA.

I'm always happy when nice visitors come, and then we all have fun.

GIPSY.

(*entering, to* FEDIA.) A gentleman is asking for you.

FEDIA.

What gentleman?

GIPSY.

Don't know. He is well dressed. Sable fur coat.

FEDIA.

Rich? Well, ask him in.

AFREMOV.

Who can it be wants to see you here?

FEDIA.

The devil knows. Who can want me!

(KARENIN *comes in looking round the room.*)

FEDIA.

Victor! You are the last man I would have expected. Take off your coat. What wind has blown you here? Sit down. They will sing "Not the evening hour" for you.

KARENIN.

Je voudrais vous parler sans témoine.

FEDIA.

What about?

KARENIN.

Je viens de chez vous. Votre femme m'a chargée de cette lettre, et puis —

FEDIA.

(*takes the letter, reads, frowns, then smiles affectionately.*) Listen, Karenin; you know, I dare say, what that letter contains?

KARENIN.

I know. And I want to tell you —

FEDIA.

Wait, wait. Don't imagine, please, that I am drunk, and that my words are unaccountable — I mean, that I am unaccountable. I am drunk, but

my head is quite clear about this. But what have you been told to tell me?

KARENIN.

Your wife has asked me to find you, and to say that she is waiting for you. She begs you to forget everything, and to come back.

FEDIA.

(*listens silently, looking into his eyes.*) I still don't understand. Why have you? . . .

KARENIN.

Elizaveta Andreeva sent for me, and asked me —

FEDIA.

Then —

KARENIN.

But it is not so much in your wife's name as on my own behalf that I implore you to come home with me!

FEDIA.

You're a better man than I am. What a ridiculous way to put it! It's not hard to be better than me: I'm a scoundrel, and you are a good man. That's why I won't go back on my decision. And not only because of that. I simply cannot, and will not. How could I go back?

KARENIN.

Come to me first. I will tell her you have come back, and to-morrow —

FEDIA.

Well — to-morrow? To-morrow I shall be just what I am now, and she will be the same as she is. (*He goes to the table and drinks.*) Better have the tooth straight out. I told her that if I didn't keep my word, she was to leave me. I did not keep it, and there's an end of it.

KARENIN.

For you, but not for her.

FEDIA.

It's very extraordinary that you should take so much trouble to prevent our marriage from being broken up.

(KARENIN *is about to say something, when* MASHA *enters.*)

FEDIA.

(*interrupting him.*) Now just hear her sing "The Flax." Masha, sing for him.

(*The* GIPSIES *gradually return to the room.*)

MASHA.

(*whispering.*) We ought to give him a cheer.

FEDIA.

(*laughing.*) Give him a cheer! Three cheers for Victor Mikhailovich!

(*The* GIPSIES *sing, cheering* KARENIN.)

KARENIN.

(*listens, somehow confused. To* FEDIA.) How much ought I to give them?

FEDIA.

Give them twenty-five roubles.

(KARENIN *gives the money, then quietly leaves the room.*)

There, that's good. Now "The Flax." (*Looking round.*) Hullo! Karenin has vanished. Devil take him!

(*The* GIPSIES *disperse.*)

FEDIA.

(*sitting down close to* MASHA.) You know who that was?

MASHA.

I heard the name.

FEDIA.

He is an excellent fellow. He came to fetch me home, to my wife. She loves me, and that is how I behave, fool that I am!

MASHA.

You're wrong. You ought to have pity on her.

FEDIA.

You think so? I don't.

MASHA.

Of course, if you don't love her, you oughtn't to.

FEDIA.

How do you know that?

MASHA.

Maybe I know.

FEDIA.

Give me a kiss. Now, "The Flax," and then let us stop.

(*The* GIPSIES *sing.*)

FEDIA.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Oh, never to wake up! To die like that without waking!

ACT II

SCENE I

Two weeks have elapsed. *At* LISA'S. (KARENIN and ANNA PAVLOVNA *are sitting in the dining-room.* SASHA *enters from the inner door.*)

KARENIN.

Well?

SASHA.

The doctor says all danger is over now. The only thing is to prevent the child taking cold.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Poor Lisa is quite exhausted with all this anxiety.

SASHA.

He says it is a sort of slight angina. What is that? (*She points to a basket.*)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Grapes. Victor brought them.

KARENIN.

Would you like to have some?

SASHA.

Lisa like grapes. She has become so nervous of late.

KARENIN.

She has not slept these two nights, nor eaten anything.

SASHA.

(*smiling.*) Neither have you.

KARENIN.

That is quite another thing.

DOCTOR.

(*entering with* LISA, *importantly.*) As I told you: change the compress every half-hour, if the child is not asleep. If he is asleep, don't disturb him. No painting the throat. Keep the room warm, and —

LISA.

And if he has another fit of choking?

DOCTOR.

He won't. But, anyhow, if it happens, spray his throat. Then there are the powders to give him. One the first thing in the morning, another at night. I will write the prescription.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Won't you have some tea, doctor?

DOCTOR.

No, thanks. My patients are waiting for me. (*He sits down at the table.* SASHA *brings him paper and ink.*)

LISA.

Then you are quite sure it's not croup?

DOCTOR.

(*smiling.*) Quite sure. (*He writes.*)

KARENIN.

(*to* LISA.) Have some tea now. And the best thing will be for you to go and rest. Look what you are like!

LISA.

I breathe again now. But it's your doing. You are a true friend. (*Presses his hand.* SASHA *steps aside, visibly annoyed.*) I thank you, my dear friend. This is a case when a friend —

KARENIN.

I have not done anything. You have nothing to thank me for.

LISA.

Who was it who had no sleep for two nights? Who brought the very best doctor?

KARENIN.

My reward is that the child is out of danger. And I am still more rewarded by your kindness — your extreme kindness.

(*They again shake hands and he smiles, showing the money that she has left in his hand.*)

LISA.

(*smiling.*) That is the doctor's fee. I never know how to give it to him.

KARENIN.

Nor do I.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

What is it you don't know how to do?

LISA.

How to pay the doctor. He saved what to me is more than my life, and I have to repay it with money. There is something so unpleasant in the idea.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Leave that to me. I will do it all right. There's no difficulty whatever.

DOCTOR.

(*rises and hands the prescription.*) Dissolve each powder in a tablespoonful of boiled water, stir it and . . . (*he continues to give his directions to* LISA, *while* KARENIN *sits at the table drinking tea.* ANNA PAVLOVNA *and* SASHA *step forward.*)

SASHA.

I can't stand the way they talk to each other! She behaves as if she were in love with him.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I should not wonder if she were.

SASHA.

It's perfectly disgusting!

(*The* DOCTOR *shakes hands with the family, and goes out.* ANNA PAVLOVNA *follows him to the hall.*)

LISA.

(*to Karenin.*) He is such a sweet child. The moment he felt better, he began to smile and to

babble. I will go to him. But I am sorry to leave you.

KARENIN.

Have some tea first. Eat something.

LISA.

I don't want anything. I feel so relieved now all this anxiety is over. (*She sobs.*)

KARENIN.

You see how exhausted you are!

LISA.

I am so happy. Will you come along with me to see the child?

KARENIN.

With pleasure.

LISA.

Then come.

(*They go out together.*)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

(*entering from the hall. To* SASHA.) Why do you look so gloomy? I handed him the money all right, and he took it quite simply.

SASHA.

I think it's odious of her! She's taken him to the nursery. Just as if he were engaged to her — or her husband!

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

What difference does it make to you? Do you want to marry him yourself, I wonder?

SASHA.

To marry that sign-post! I would marry any one sooner than him. Nothing of the sort ever entered my head. I simply feel disgusted that, after Fedia, she should be making up to a stranger.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

He is not a stranger. They have been friends since they were children.

SASHA.

They're in love — I can see they are, by the way they smile and make eyes at each other.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

No wonder. He's been such a help now, all during the baby's illness — so full of sympathy! He did all he could, and she is grateful to him.

I see no harm in her being in love with Victor and marrying him.

SASHA.

It would be odious, disgusting! Simply disgusting!

(KARENIN *and* LISA *come in again.* KARENIN *takes leave without speaking.* SASHA *agitatedly leaves the room.*)

LISA.

(*to her mother.*) What is the matter with Sasha?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I don't know, I'm sure.

(LISA *sighs.*)

SCENE II

In AFREMOV'S *study. Glasses full of wine are on the table.*

(*Among the guests are* AFREMOV; FEDIA; STAKHOV, *a man with a full beard, long hair;* BUTKEVICH, *who is clean shaven;* KOROTKOV, *Afremov's toady.*)

KOROTKOV.

And I tell you, he can't win. La Belle-Bois is the best horse in Europe. I bet you she is.

STAKHOV.

Shut up, old chap. You know nobody believes what you say, and nobody will take your bet.

KOROTKOV.

I tell you your Kartouche will be beaten.

AFREMOV.

Don't quarrel. Let me settle the point for you. Ask Fedia. You can depend upon his judgment.

FEDIA.

They're both good horses. It all depends on the jockeys.

STAKHOV.

That jockey Gusev is a wrong 'un. He ought to be watched.

KOROTKOV.

(*shouting.*) That's not true.

FEDIA.

Look here. I'll solve the problem for you. Who won the Derby?

KOROTKOV.

I know, but that does not prove anything. It was just by accident. If Cracus hadn't been taken ill. Now, look here —

(*A* MAN-SERVANT *enters.*)

AFREMOV.

What is it?

SERVANT.

There's a lady here who wishes to speak to Fedor Vasilievich.

AFREMOV.

Who is she?

SERVANT.

I do not know. A real lady, sir.

AFREMOV.

Fedor, a lady for you.

FEDIA.

(*alarmed.*) Who is she?

AFREMOV.

He doesn't know.

SERVANT.

Shall I show her into the drawing-room, sir?

FEDIA.

Wait. I'll go and see. (*He goes out.*)

KOROTKOV.

Who can it be? Oh, of course, Mashka.

STAKHOV.

What Mashka?

KOROTKOV.

That gipsy-girl Masha. She's simply mad about him.

STAKHOV.

Nice girl she is. And how she sings!

AFREMOV.

Beautiful voice. Taniusha and she are wonderful. Last night they sang with Peter.

STAKHOV.

What luck that man has!

AFREMOV.

What? To have all the women after him? That's not much of a blessing!

KOROTKOV.

I hate these gipsy women. They're so vulgar.

BUTKEVICH.

Nonsense!

KOROTKOV.

I would give you the whole lot of them for one French woman.

AFREMOV.

Oh, you and your æsthetic views! I must go and see who the woman is. (*He follows* FEDIA *out of the room.*)

STAKHOV.

If it is Masha, bring her in. Let her sing us something. The gipsies of to-day are not up to the old level. There was a girl — Tania! A devil of a creature.

BUTKEVICH.

I expect they are just the same as they were before.

STAKHOV.

Nothing of the sort. Now they've taken to singing vulgar ballads, instead of the genuine songs they used to in the old days.

BUTKEVICH.

There are some very good ballads.

KOROTKOV.

If I will tell them what to sing; I bet you won't know whether it's a ballad or a folk-song.

STAKHOV.

Betting is Korotkov's only line of thought.

AFREMOV.

(*returning.*) The lady is not Masha, gentlemen. And she must be shown in here — there is no other place for Fedia to talk with her. Let us go to the billiard-room.

(*They all rise and leave the room.* FEDIA *and* SASHA *enter.*)

SASHA.

(*timidly.*) Fedia, forgive me if my intrusion annoys you, but for God's sake listen to what I have come to tell you. (*Her voice trembles.*)

(FEDIA *paces up and down the room.*)

SASHA.

(*She sits down, looks at him.*) Fedia, do come home!

FEDIA.

Now listen, Sasha. I understand you very

well. You are a good girl, and in your place I should do just like you — try to mend things. But if you were in my place — though it's rather odd to imagine such a delicate, sweet girl as you in it — if you were in my place, I say, you would have done just what I did — you would go, and not be in the way of somebody else.

SASHA.

In the way of somebody else? But do you imagine Lisa can live without you?

FEDIA.

Certainly, Sasha dear, she can, and she will. And she will be happy, much hapier than with me.

SASHA.

Never.

FEDIA.

You are mistaken. (*He takes her hand and holds it.*) But that is not the point. What is more important is that I cannot live the old life. If you take a piece of cardboard and bend it a hundred times, it may hold; but bend just once more and it will break. That's the way it was with Lisa and me. I cannot look into her eyes. And she cannot look in mine. Believe me. It hurts us both too much.

SASHA.

No, no!

FEDIA.

You say, No; but you know I am right.

SASHA.

I can only judge by imagining what it would be like if I were in her place, and you told me what you said just there. It would be awful for me.

FEDIA.

Yes, for you. . . .

(*An uncomfortable pause.*)

SASHA.

(*rising.*) Must it be as you say?

FEDIA.

It must.

SASHA.

Come back, Fedia! Come back!

FEDIA.

You are so kind, Sasha dear! I shall always hold you dear in my memory. . . . Good-bye, my dear. Let me kiss you. (*He kisses her on the forehead.*)

SASHA.

(*excited.*) No, I don't say good-bye for good. I don't believe it's all over. I won't believe it! Fedia . . .

FEDIA.

Listen, Sasha. But promise you will not tell anybody what I am going to tell you now. Will you give me your word?

SASHA.

I won't tell any one.

FEDIA.

Well, the truth is that, although I am her husband, the father of her child, I am nothing to her. . . . Wait, don't interrupt me. Don't imagine I am jealous. I am not. Not in the least. First of all, I should have no right to be; and then I have no reason. Victor Karenin is her old friend, and mine too. He loves her, and she loves him.

SASHA.

No.

FEDIA.

She loves him, but being an honest woman, she thinks she has no right to love anybody but her

husband. And yet she loves him, and will give way to her feelings for him when this obstacle (*pointing to himself*) is removed. And I will remove it — so that they may be happy. (*His voice shakes.*)

SASHA.

Fedia, don't talk in that way.

FEDIA.

You know quite well it is true. I shall rejoice in their happiness. It is the very best thing I could do. I shall not go back. I shall give them their freedom. Tell them that. No, don't tell them anything. And good-bye! (*He kisses her head and opens the door for her.*)

SASHA.

Fedia, how I admire you.

FEDIA.

Good-bye, good-bye!

(SASHA *goes out.*)

FEDIA.

(*alone.*) That's right, that's all right. (*He rings the bell. To the servant, who enters.*) Call your master. (*alone.*) It must be so.

FEDIA.

Let us go.

AFREMOV.

(*enters.*) Well, have you settled things?

FEDIA.

Oh, yes. In the very best way. Everything is perfect now. Where are all the others?

AFREMOV.

They're playing billiards.

FEDIA.

Let's join them, then. (*They go out.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

ANNA DMITRIEVNA KARENINA'S *boudoir. It is a room of elegant simplicity, full of all kinds of souvenirs.*

(*She is fifty years old, a grande dame who tries to look younger, and likes to interlard her conversation with French words.*)

ANNA DMITRIEVNA, VICTOR KARENIN'S *mother, is writing a letter.*

SERVANT.

(*entering.*) Prince Sergius Dmitrievich.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Well, ask him in, of course. (*She turns and looks into a mirror, arranging her hair.*)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

(*entering.*) I hope I am not in the way. (*Kisses her hand.*)

(*He is a well-preserved bachelor of sixty, with moustache. The dignified face of the old soldier has a very sad expression.*)

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

You know you are always welcome. And today more than ever. You got my note?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I did — and here I am.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Oh, my dear friend, I begin to lose hope. He is bewitched, positively bewitched. I never thought he could be so obstinate, so heartless and

indifferent towards me. He is quite changed since that woman left her husband.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

How do matters stand now?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Well, he wants to marry her at all costs.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

But how about her husband?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

He consents to be divorced.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Oh! Is that so?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Victor is willing to put up with all the ugliness of the divorce court. Lawyers, evidence of guilt. . . . All this is disgusting. And he does not mind! I cannot understand it. He with his delicacy, his timidity.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

He is in love. And when a man is truly in love —

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Yes, but in our time love was a pure friendship which lasted a lifetime. Such love I can understand and value.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Nowadays, ideal love does not exist any more. *La possession de l'âme ne leur suffit plus.* That is a fact, and we cannot change it. But what about Victor?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

No, he is not like the rest. But this is positively witchcraft. He is changed, I tell you. You know I called on them — he asked me to — I didn't find them at home, and I left a card. She asks if I will receive her. And to-day (*she looks at the watch*) about two — it is nearly that now — she will be here. I promised Victor to receive her, but you may imagine in what a state I am. I feel quite lost. So, true to my old habit, I have sent for you to come. I am in such need of your help!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

You are very good.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

You will understand. You must see that her

visit means the final decision, don't you? Victor's whole future depends on it. I must either refuse my consent . . . but how can I?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Don't you know her at all?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I have never seen her. But I am afraid of her. A good woman cannot leave her husband — and such a good man too. He is Victor's friend — did you know that? He often came to us. I thought him very nice. But whatever he might be, whatever wrong he has done her, a wife ought not to leave her husband. She must bear her cross. There is one thing I can't possibly grasp: how could Victor, with his religious views, make up his mind to marry a divorced woman? I have heard him say over and over again — once quite lately to Spitzin — that divorce is not consistent with the true Christian doctrine. And now he is in favour of it. If she has been able to fascinate him to this point . . . ! I *am* afraid of her. How silly of me to talk all the time like this. I asked you to come so as to have your view of the situation. What do you think? Tell me. Have you spoken to Victor?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I have. And my opinion is that he loves her. He's already got into the habit of loving her, so to speak. Love has taken hold him. He is a man who opens his heart slowly — but then for good. He will never love any other woman, and he could not be happy with any other woman but her.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

And Varia Kasanzeva, who would gladly have married him! Such a nice girl, and so devoted to him!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

You are counting your chickens before they are hatched. That's quite out of question now. I think the only thing for you is to consent, and to help him to marry.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

To marry a divorced woman! And suppose that afterwards he were to meet his wife's first husband somewhere! How can you calmly suggest such a thing! Could any mother wish to see her only son — and such a son — married like that?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

My dear friend, it cannot be helped. Of course

it would be nicer if he married a young girl you know and you like, but he will not. Besides — imagine if he had married a gipsy girl or . . . And Lisa Protassova is a very nice woman. I have met her at my niece Nelly's. She is a very sweet, kind, loving, moral woman.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Moral, indeed! A woman who has left her husband!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

How unlike you to speak so! How cruel. Her husband is one of those men of whom one may say that they are their worst enemies. But certainly he is a worse enemy of his wife than of himself. He is a weak man, a perfect wreck, a drunkard. He has squandered his own fortune and all that she possessed; she has a child. And you condemn her for having left such a man. And besides, it was not she, it was he who left her.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Oh, the ugliness of it all! And that I should have to take part in it!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

What is it that the gospel says?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Yes, I know. Forgive us as we forgive those who trespass against us. But this is beyond me!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

How could she go on living with such a man? Even if she had not loved any one else she would have had to leave him. She had to do it for her child's sake. Her husband himself, a clever and kind man when he is in his senses, advised her to leave him.

(VICTOR *comes in. He kisses his mother's hand, and shakes hands with* PRINCE ABRESKOV.)

VICTOR.

Mother, I have come to tell you that Elizaveta Andreevna will be here presently. I will tell the servant to show her in. There is only one thing I ask you. If you are still opposed to my marrying her —

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

(*interrupting him.*) Most certainly I am.

VICTOR.

(*continues frowning.*) Then don't speak about it, I beseech you! Don't inflict a refusal upon her.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

We shall not speak about that, I suppose. Anyhow, I shall not start the topic.

VICTOR.

Nor will she. I only want you to know her.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

One thing I cannot understand: how do you reconcile your wish to marry Madame Protassova, whose husband is alive, with your condemnation of divorce from the Christian point of view? You — so religious!

VICTOR.

Mother, that is cruel! Are we all so unimpeachable that, in this complex world, there is no discrepancy between our convictions and our practice? Why are you so unkind to me, mother?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I love you. I want you to be happy!

VICTOR.

(*to* PRINCE ABRESKOV.) Sergius Dmitrievich!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I don't doubt you want him to be happy. But

grey heads like ours are unable to know what passes in the minds of youth. Least of all, a mother who has her settled ideas about her son's happiness. On that point women are all alike.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Indeed! I ought to have known you would all be against me. Of course you are free to do as you like. You are of age. But it will kill me.

VICTOR.

I do not recognise you. It is worse than cruel to talk like that.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

(*to* VICTOR.) Don't talk like that, Victor. You know that your mother does not act as she speaks.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I shall speak exactly as I think and feel, but without hurting her feelings.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I am quite sure of that.

SERVANT.

(*enters.*) Here she is.

VICTOR.

I'll go.

SERVANT.

Elizaveta Andreevna Protassova.

VICTOR.

I'll go, mother. I beseech you —
(PRINCE ABRESKOV *rises.*)

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Ask the lady in. (*To* PRINCE ABRESKOV.) Don't go.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I thought you would prefer to talk with her *tête-à-tête.*

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

No, I am afraid. (*Fussing about.*) If I want to be with her alone I will signal to you. That depends . . . But at the moment I should feel uncomfortable alone with her. When I want you to leave the room I will do like that. (*She makes a sign.*)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I shall know. I am sure you will like her. Only be just!

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Oh, you are all against me!
(LISA, *in hat and visiting dress, comes into the room.*)

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

(*rising.*) I was so sorry you were not at home when I called. It is so kind of you to come to see me.

LISA.

I did not expect — thank you so much for wishing to see me.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

You have met before, I believe? (*Pointing to* PRINCE ABRESKOV.)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Yes, I have had the honour of making Madame Protassova's acquaintance. (*He shakes hands with* LISA. *They sit down.*) I have heard so much about you from my niece Nelly.

LISA.

We have always been great friends. (*Looking shyly at* ANNA DMITRIEVNA.) And we still are. (*To* ANNA DMITRIEVNA.) I did not expect you would want to see me.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I knew your husband very well. He was a great friend of my son's, and often came to our

house before he left for Tambov. I believe it was there he married you?

LISA.

Yes, we were married there.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

But afterwards, when he came back to Moscow, he stopped coming to see me.

LISA.

He used hardly to go anywhere.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

And he never brought you to me.

(*An awkward silence.*)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

The last time I saw you was at an amateur performance at Denisov's. It was a charming affair. You were acting in the play.

LISA.

No — oh, yes, I acted. I had almost forgotten. (*Pause.*) Anna Dmitrievna, forgive me if what I am going to say displeases you. But I can't pretend; I am really unable to. I came because Victor Mikhailovich told me . . . because

. . . he told me you would like to see me. . . . But it is better if you tell me. . . . (*Overpowered by tears.*) I am very unhappy, and you are kind.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I think I had better go.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Yes, go.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Good-bye. (*He shakes hands with both the ladies, and goes out.*)

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Listen, Lisa . . . I don't know your father's name — No, no, no, that doesn't matter.

LISA.

Andreevna.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

No matter. Lisa! I pity you, I sympathise with you. But I love Victor. He is all I love on earth. I know his soul as if it was my own. He is proud. He was proud even as a boy of seven. He is proud not of his name, not of riches, but proud of his purity, his high ideals. He never swerved from them. He is as pure as an innocent girl.

LISA.

I know.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

He has never loved a woman before. You are the first. I don't say I am not jealous of you — I am. Yes, I am. But we mothers — your son is still a baby, you can't know yet — we are prepared for it. I was prepared to surrender him to his future wife, and I made up my mind not to be jealous. But I expected her to be as pure as he is.

LISA.

I . . . Do you . . .

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Forgive me. I know it is not your fault. I know you are unhappy. But I know him. Now, he is ready to bear anything, and he will bear it without ever saying a word; but he will suffer. His pride will be wounded and will suffer, and he will never be happy.

LISA.

I have thought about that.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Lisa, dear! You are such a clever, good

woman, and if you love him you certainly want his happiness more than your own. And if so, you can't wish to bind him so that he would be sorry afterwards. He would never, oh never, say so, but he would be.

LISA.

He would not, I know. I have thought so much about it, and have asked myself what I ought to do. I have discussed it with him quite openly. But what am I to do if he says he cannot live without me? I told him, let us be friends, but don't bind up your pure life with mine, which is wretched. But he does not see it from the same standpoint.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Of course, he would not at the moment.

LISA.

Persuade him not to marry me. I will agree. I only want his happiness, not mine. But help me! Don't hate me. Let us join in making him happy.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I think I love you already. (*She kisses her.* LISA *bursts into tears.*) And yet it is so horrible. If only he had fallen in love with you before you married —

LISA.

He says he loved me then, but thought it wrong to stand in the way of another man's happiness.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Oh, how unfortunate it all is! But let us love each other, and God will help us to attain what we wish.

VICTOR.

(*entering.*) Mother dear! I have heard all you have been talking about. I knew it would be so. I knew you would love her. So now everything will be all right.

LISA.

I am sorry you were listening. If I had known, I should not have spoken like that.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

But, after all, nothing is decided yet. All I can say is that I would have been very happy — if it had not been for all these sad circumstances. (*She kisses her.*)

VICTOR.

Don't change your mind, please — that is all I ask you.

Scene II

A room in a cheap flat; a bed, writing-table, sofa are all the furniture. Fedia *is alone. There is a knock at the door. A Woman's voice is heard outside:—*

Why have you locked yourself in, Fedor Vasilievich? Open the door, Fedia.

Fedia.

(*opening the door.*) I am so glad you have come. I am so bored, so frightfully bored.

Masha.

Why didn't you come to us? Drunk again?

Fedia.

You know, I —

Masha.

Oh, what a fool I am to love you!

Fedia.

Masha!

Masha.

Masha, indeed! If you cared for me the least

bit, you would have been divorced by now. They want it too — you know they do. You go on saying you don't love her, but you stick to her all the same. You don't want to be divorced. I can see that.

FEDIA.

You know why I don't.

MASHA.

Nonsense! People are perfectly right when they say there is no depending on you.

FEDIA.

What can I say? It hurts, your saying all that. You know it yourself.

MASHA.

Nothing can hurt you.

FEDIA.

You know perfectly well that my only joy in life is in your love.

MASHA.

My love is all right. But you — you don't love me.

FEDIA.

You know I do. I don't need to tell you that.

MASHA.

Then why are you so cruel to me?

FEDIA.

Cruel? I? Can you say that?

MASHA.

(*bursting into tears.*) You are so unkind!

FEDIA.

(*coming close to her and embracing her.*) Don't cry, Masha! Don't cry. Life is worth living. Why be miserable? It is so unlike you, my beautiful one!

MASHA.

You do love me?

FEDIA.

Whom else could I love?

MASHA.

Me, only me? And now read what you have written.

FEDIA.

It will bore you.

MASHA.

Anything you write must be fine.

FEDIA.

Well, listen. (*Reads.*) "Late in the autumn we decided, my friend and I, to meet at the Marigin fort. There stood a castle with small turrets. The night was dark and warm. The fog . . ."

(IVAN MAKAROVICH, *an old gipsy, and his wife,* NASTASSIA IVANOVNA — MASHA'S *parents* — *enter.*)

NASTASSIA IVANOVNA.

(*coming close to her daughter.*) Oh, you are here, you, cursed sheep! (*To* FEDIA.) No disrespect to you, sir. (*To* MASHA.) But you — how can you treat us like this?

IVAN MAKAROVICH.

(*to* FEDIA.) It's very wrong of you, sir, to ruin a girl. It's wrong, it's ugly.

NASTASSIA IVANOVNA.

Put on your shawl, and be gone from here. How did you dare to run away like that? What

am I to say to the others? To keep company with a beggar! He can't give you a penny.

MASHA.

I have not done anything wrong. I love Fedor Vasilievich — that is all. I'm not abandoning the others. I will sing as before. But as to —

IVAN MAKAROVICH.

Shut up, or I will pull your hair out. You ought to respect your parents, you ought.— It's wicked of you to do that, sir! We all loved you; we pitied you. How many times we used to sing to you just for nothing! And that is how you behave!

NASTASSIA IVANOVNA.

You have ruined my daughter, my only one; my darling, my pearl, my priceless treasure! Dragged her down into the mud, that's what you have done! You've got no fear of God in your heart!

FEDIA.

Nastassia Ivanovna, you are mistaken. Don't think me wicked. I consider your daughter just like my sister. I hold her honour dear. Don't be afraid. I love her, that is true. But that can't be helped.

IVAN MAKAROVICH.

Why did you not love her when you had money? You ought to have paid down ten thousand roubles to us, and then you could have had her without any disgrace. That is what all respectable men do. But to steal her away like that, after having squandered all you had! You ought to be ashamed, sir.

MASHA.

He did not take me away, I came to him. And, if you take me away from him now, I will come back. I love him — that's all. Lock me up! My love will be stronger than all your bolts. I won't obey you.

NASTASSIA IVANOVNA.

Don't be cross, Mashenka, darling. You have done wrong. Now do come with us.

IVAN MAKAROVICH.

Shut up, Masha. (*He takes her by the hand.*) Good-bye, sir.

(*All three go out together.* PRINCE ABRESKOV *comes in.*)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Forgive me. I have been — quite by chance — a witness of this unpleasant incident.

FEDIA.

With whom have I the honour — (*Recognising him.*) Oh, Prince Sergius Dmitrievich!

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I have been the witness of what has just occurred. I did not desire to hear, but as I did hear, I am bound in duty to tell you so. I was shown in — the loudness of the voices evidently drowned my repeated knocking — consequently I had to wait till your visitors were gone.

FEDIA.

Oh, that's all right. Won't you sit down? I'm obliged to you for telling me, as it gives me an opportunity to explain to you what it was all about. What you think of me does not in the least concern me. But I should tell you this girl, a young gipsy singer, has done nothing to deserve the scene you witnessed. She is as pure as a dove. And my only relations with her are friendly — friendly, and nothing more. Poetical they may be — that does not affect her purity, her honour. I am glad to have told you that. But tell me, what is it you want of me? What can I do for you?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I must tell you first of all —

FEDIA.

Forgive me, Prince. My position in society is now such that my having known you slightly long ago does not entitle me to a visit from you without some special reason for your wanting to see me. What is that reason?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

You are quite right — I will not deny there is. I have come for a special reason. But I beg you to believe that whatever change there may be in your social position, it does not affect my esteem for you.

FEDIA.

I am quite sure of that.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Well, what I have to say is that the son of my old friend, Anna Dmitrievna Karenina, and she herself, have asked me to apply directly to you in order to know what your relations are now — if you allow me to speak of the matter — with your wife, Elizaveta Andreevna Protassova.

FEDIA.

My relations with my wife, my former wife I may say, have entirely ceased.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

So I understood. And that is why I consented to come upon so delicate a mission.

FEDIA.

Let me hasten to add that the fault is not hers, but mine; in fact, my faults are endless. She remains what she always has been, the most spotless of wives and of women.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Victor Karenin, and especially his mother, are anxious to know what you intend to do now. I am to ask you about that.

FEDIA.

(*excitedly.*) I have no intentions whatever. I leave my wife entirely free. I wish it to be understood that I will never stand in her way in anything. I know she loves Victor Karenin, and I have no objection at all. I think him rather a bore, but a perfectly nice and respectable man; and I am sure — as the saying is — that she will be happy with him. And God bless them. That is all I have to say.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Yes, but we —

FEDIA.

(*interrupting him.*) Don't imagine I am in the least jealous. I said Victor was a bore, but I take that back. He is an excellent, an honest, and moral man — almost the exact opposite of me. He has loved her from her youth up. Perhaps she was in love with him too when she became my wife. This has been her real love, the one of which people are often not aware. And I think she never ceased to love him, though being an honest woman, she did not confess it even to herself. But it has hovered as something of a shadow over our married life. . . . No, really, I think I ought not to make such confessions to you.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Please don't stop short of anything you can tell me. Believe me, my real object in coming to you was just to gain a clear insight into your relations with your wife. I quite understand what you mean. I see that a sort of shadow, as you have so well put it, may have existed.

FEDIA.

Yes, it existed; and perhaps that is why I was not satisfied with my life at home. I kept trying to find satisfaction elsewhere, and indulged in all

sorts of passions. Why talk about it? I must seem to you to be trying to exculpate myself, and I don't want that. Besides, there is no excuse whatever for me. I have been a bad husband. I say I *have been,* now I no longer am her husband. I consider her entirely free. That is my answer, which you may take back to them.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

That is very well, but you know the principles of Victor and his mother. His relations with Elizaveta Andreevna have been throughout most respectful and distant, and remain so now. He has tried to help her in her troubles — that is all.

FEDIA.

Yes, and my vices have only helped their intimacy to ripen. Well, I suppose it could not be helped.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

You know the strict religious principles of Victor and his mother. I don't agree with them on that point. I have broader views. But I understand and respect their feelings. I understand that he, and his mother even more than he, could not think of his union with a woman without the consecration of the church.

FEDIA.

Yes, I know how conservative he is in that respect. But what do they want? Divorce? I have already told them that I consent to be divorced. But to plead guilty, and pass through all the lies connected with the proceedings — that would be hard indeed.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I quite agree with you. Only there is no choice left. We must manage it somehow. But, of course, you are quite right, and I understand you.

FEDIA.

(*pressing his hand.*) Thank you, my dear Prince, thank you. I always knew you were kind and just. Tell me, what ought I to do? Consider my position. I don't pretend to be better than I really am. I am a scoundrel. But there are things which I cannot do calmly. I cannot tell lies.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I must say you are a puzzle to me. You are a gifted, a clever man, with a fine sense of moral duty. How could you have been so carried away by your passions? How could you forget what was due to yourself? How has your life come to this point? Why, why have you ruined yourself?

FEDIA.

(*mastering his tears.*) For the past ten years I have led my present dissipated life, and for the first time I find a man like you to pity me. My friends, rakes like myself, pity me, women pity me; but a clever, a kind man like you . . . ! Thank you! How have I ruined myself? In the first place — alcohol. It is not that I enjoy the taste of wine. But it prevents one thinking. When I think, or when my senses are awake, I feel that everything is different from what it ought to be, and I am ashamed. I am ashamed now in talking to you. Anything like being an official, or having a place in a bank — seems to me absolutely shameful. Well, the moment I begin to drink, my shame is gone. And then music — not operas or Beethoven, but gipsy songs — fills you with new energy, makes you live a new life. And when a pair of black eyes and a smiling face are near you — But the more entrancing it all is, the more you feel ashamed afterwards.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

And work?

FEDIA.

I have tried. No work satisfies me. But don't let us talk about me. Anyhow, I thank you with all my heart.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Well, what answer am I to take them?

FEDIA.

Tell them I am willing to do as they wish. They want to marry, and there must be nothing in their way. That is so?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Yes, of course.

FEDIA.

I will see to it. Tell them I will; they may rely on me.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

When?

FEDIA.

Wait a moment — let us say they will be free in a fortnight. Will that do?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

May I say that you give them your word?

FEDIA.

You may. Good-bye, Prince. Thank you once more.

(PRINCE ABRESKOV *goes out.*)

FEDIA.

(*sits a long while silent, then smiles.*) Good, good! That's right. That's right. Very good indeed.

ACT IV

SCENE I

A private room in a restaurant. FEDIA *is shown in by a* WAITER.

WAITER.

This way, sir. You will be all by yourself; no one will disturb you. I will bring you some paper at once.

IVAN PETROVICH ALEXANDROV.

(*appearing in the doorway.*) Protassov, do you mind if I come in?

FEDIA.

(*very serious.*) You may, if you like. But I am busy, and — All right, come in.

IVAN PETROVICH.

You are going to write an answer to their demands. I will tell you what you ought to tell

them. Don't you spare them. To say straight out what you mean, and to act resolutely; that's my system.

FEDIA.

(*to the waiter.*) A bottle of champagne.

(*The* WAITER *goes out.*)

FEDIA.

(*taking a revolver out of his pocket and putting it on the table.*) Wait a bit.

IVAN PETROVICH.

What's that? Going to shoot yourself? Of course! Why not? I understand you. They mean to humiliate you, and you will show them who you are — put a bullet through your head and crush them by your magnanimity. I understand you. I understand everything and everybody, because I am a genius.

FEDIA.

Yes, of course. But —

(*The* WAITER *returns with ink and paper.*)

FEDIA.

(*putting a napkin over the revolver.*) Open the bottle. (*The* WAITER *opens the bottle, then*

goes.) Let us have a drink first. (*They drink.* FEDIA *sits down and begins to write a letter.*) Wait a moment.

IVAN PETROVICH.

I drink to your — great journey. I am above that. I won't try to dissuade you. Life and death are all the same to me. I die in life, and I live in death. You want to kill yourself, so that those two may be sorry for it and miss you badly. And I — I will kill myself for the world to realise what it has lost. I won't hesitate; I won't consider and reconsider it. I will just take the revolver (*snatching the revolver from the table.*) One, two — and all will be over. But the right moment has not yet come. (*He puts the revolver back.*) And why should I instruct them? They ought to understand things by themselves. Oh, you. . . .

FEDIA.

(*writing.*) Wait a moment.

IVAN PETROVICH.

Contemptible creatures, who fuss about and understand nothing! Nothing whatever! I'm not speaking to you — I'm only expressing my thoughts to myself. And what is it that humanity is in need of? Not much; only to prize its gen-

iuses instead of persecuting them as it does, and making their life a perpetual agony. No; I won't be your plaything any more. I will denounce you all, hypocrites that you are!

FEDIA.

(*having finished his letter, drinks a glass of champagne, and reads what he has written.*) Now please, go!

IVAN PETROVICH.

Go? All right, I'll go. Anyhow, I don't hold you back from what you have decided to do. I shall do so too. But the time has not yet come. I only wanted to tell you —

FEDIA.

All right, you can tell me later. Now listen: will you, please, give this to the manager (*handing him some money*), and ask him for a letter and a parcel that have probably been sent here in my name? Will you do that?

IVAN PETROVICH.

I will. Then you promise to wait for me? I will tell you something very important, something the like of which you will not hear, neither in this world nor in that to come — at least, not till I get there. Am I to give him all this money?

FEDIA.

Let him take what I owe him.

(IVAN PETROVICH *goes out.*)

FEDIA.

(*sighs with a sense of relief, locks the door, takes the revolver, cocks it, puts it close to his temple, then shivers, and lets his hand drop with great precaution. Groans.*) No, I cannot, I cannot!

(*There is a knock at the door.*)

Who is there?

MASHA'S *voice outside.*

It is I.

FEDIA.

Who: "I?" Oh, Masha! (*He opens the door.*)

MASHA.

(*entering.*) I called at your place, then at Poppov's, at Afremov's, and then I thought, at last, I might find you here. (*Seeing the revolver.*) Ah, what's that? You fool! You regular fool! Could you really —

FEDIA.

No, I could *not.*

MASHA.

And I? Am I something to you or not? You

heartless wretch! You have no pity for me! It is a great sin, Fedor Vasilievich, to treat me like that. A great sin! That is what I get now for all my love!

FEDIA.

I wanted to release them. I promised to. And I can't tell lies.

MASHA.

And what about me?

FEDIA.

Oh, you! You would have felt it a deliverance too. Is it better for you to go on being so miserable on account of me?

MASHA.

Of course it is. I cannot live without you.

FEDIA.

And with me your life is no life at all. When I was dead, you would have cried over me, but after a while you would feel much the better for my loss.

MASHA.

I shouldn't have cried at all. The devil may take you for all I care, if you have no pity for me. (*She bursts into tears.*)

FEDIA.

Masha, darling! I only thought it would have been better.

MASHA.

Better for you, I dare say.

FEDIA.

(*smiling.*) Why for me? I was going to kill myself.

MASHA.

It's just selfishness, that's all. But I wish I knew what you wanted.

FEDIA.

What? A great many things.

MASHA.

Well, what?

FEDIA.

First of all, I must keep my promise. All alone, this is too much for me. How can I tell lies? How can I stand all the ugliness of the divorce? How can I?

MASHA.

There you are right. It is ugly. I myself —

FEDIA.

And then they have to be delivered in some way or other. No doubt of that. My wife and he must be free. They are kind, good people, both of them. Why must they suffer? That is my second reason.

MASHA.

I don't think she's as kind as that, if she has forsaken you.

FEDIA.

It was all my fault, not hers.

MASHA.

Your fault, indeed! Everything is your fault — of course, she is an angel. Well, what else is there?

FEDIA.

Well, this. You are a good girl — yes, you are. And if I live, I shall make you miserable.

MASHA.

That is no concern of yours. I am lost anyhow. I know that.

FEDIA.

(*sighing.*) And the chief, the very chief reason, lies in myself. You think I don't see that I am

good for nothing, a burden to everybody and to myself too, as your father said. I am no good.

MASHA.

Nonsense! You won't get me to leave you. I shall stick to you, and there is an end of it. And as to your leading a bad life, drinking and smoking — you are a living soul. Change; give it all up.

FEDIA.

It's easy for you to say it.

MASHA.

Do as I say.

FEDIA.

When I look at your face, I think I could do everything you ask me.

MASHA.

And you will. You will do it all. (*She sees the letter.*) What is that? You've written to them. What have you said?

FEDIA.

I wrote what I had to. (*He takes the letter, is about to tear it.*) Now it is of no use.

MASHA.

(*snatching the letter from him.*) You've written that you were going to kill yourself? Did you say you would shoot yourself, or just kill yourself, without saying how?

FEDIA.

I've written that I won't live any longer.

MASHA.

Give me that letter. Have you read the famous novel, "What are We to Do?"

FEDIA.

I think I have.

MASHA.

It's not an entertaining book, I must say, but one thing I liked in it. Do you remember that man — what is his name? Ramanov — who made-believe he was drowned? You can't swim, can you?

FEDIA.

No.

MASHA.

Very good, then. Give me your coat. Give me your notebook, and all those things.

FEDIA.

What an idea!

MASHA.

No, wait. Let us go home, and you will put on other clothes.

FEDIA.

But that will be a fraud.

MASHA.

Let it be a fraud. You went to have a bathe in the river; you left your clothes on the bank. The notebook and this letter will be found in your pocket.

FEDIA.

And then?

MASHA.

Then? Then we'll clear out, and will begin a new and happy life.

IVAN PETROVICH.

(*returning.*) I say! May I take the revolver?

MASHA.

Yes, take it. We are off.

Scene II

The drawing-room at Lisa Protassova's.

Karenin.

He promised so definitely that I was sure he would keep his word.

Lisa.

I feel ashamed to say it, but really, hearing of that gipsy girl has made me feel quite free from him. Don't think I was jealous. No, I simply felt free. And — I don't know how to put it into words, Victor Mikhailovich —

Karenin.

(*smiling.*) Why do you speak to me in that formal way?

Lisa.

Well then, Victor. But don't interrupt me. I want to tell you exactly how I feel. What distressed me most of all was that I somehow felt I loved two men at the same time. It seemed to me so wicked, so frightfully immoral.

Karenin.

Immoral! You immoral!

LISA.

But since I have come to know that there was another woman he loved, and that he has no more need of me, I feel quite free. I know now that I can tell you truly that I love you, and you alone. Now my mind is perfectly clear. I only suffer from my position. This divorce is so awful. And how agonising to wait for it!

KARENIN.

All that will be over presently. He has promised to do all that is necessary; and besides, I asked the secretary of the Synod to call on him with the petition, and not to go before he has signed it. If I did not know him as well as I do, I should have thought he was dragging the whole business out on purpose.

LISA.

Oh no, indeed he is not. It is only that he is so weak and so honest. He was always so. He hates saying what is untrue. But I am sorry you have sent him money. You ought not to have done that.

KARENIN.

I had to. Want of money for expenses would have meant further delay.

LISA.

Yes, but it is so unpleasant.

KARENIN.

I don't think he has any right to be fastidious.

LISA.

What egoists we are becoming.

KARENIN.

That is true — but then, it is partly your fault. You made me wait so long, you have driven me to such despair, that now I can't help saying how happy I am. Happiness is very selfish. That is your fault, darling.

LISA.

Do you think it is only you who feel happy? I do too. I am full of bliss, overwhelmed by it. Now my boy has recovered, and your mother is fond of me, and you — and what makes my greatest joy — I love you so dearly.

KARENIN.

Do you? You won't have any regrets? You won't go back on your decision?

LISA.

No. Ever since that day I have been a changed being.

KARENIN.

You won't change back again?

LISA.

Never, never. My only wish is that you should forget the past as completely as I have done.

(*The* NURSE *enters with the boy, who goes to his mother. She takes him on her knees.*)

KARENIN.

What a miserable thing man's nature is!

LISA.

Why do you say that? (*She kisses the child.*)

KARENIN.

When you married, and I heard about it on my return from abroad and was so unhappy because I had lost you, it was at least a great joy to learn that you just remembered me. That was enough for me. After that, when we became friends and

you were kind to me — when I felt that there was just a spark of something more than mere friendship in our relations — I was almost happy. I was only afraid — and I suffered from it a good deal — that it was unfair to Fedia. But as I was firmly convinced there could not be anything more than pure friendship between me and the wife of my friend — and besides, I knew what you were — I was not greatly disturbed. On the whole I was content. Then, when Fedia began to cause you so much trouble, and I felt that I was your support and that you somehow feared my friendship, I was completely happy, and a vague hope arose in my soul. And when Fedia became quite impossible and you resolved to leave him, when I told you for the first time I loved you and you did not say "No," but left me in tears, then my happiness was complete. If anybody had asked me then what I desired more, I should have answered, Nothing. But after that, the possibility arose of uniting my life with yours; my mother grew fond of you, my hope began to be realised. You told me you loved me before, and you go on loving me; now you say he does not exist for you and you love only me — what else could I wish? But no, just now I suffer because of the past. I wish it had not existed, I wish there were nothing that could remind me of him.

LISA.

(*reproachfully.*) O Victor!

KARENIN.

Forgive me, Lisa. If I tell you all this, it is because I ought not to have a thought that I hide from you. I tell you to show you how bad I am; to show you that I know I must overcome such feelings. And I have already overcome them. I love him.

LISA.

I am so glad. I did all I could. And I can't help it if my heart underwent the change that you longed for. There is nothing left in it — except you.

KARENIN.

Nothing but me?

LISA.

Nothing. Or else I would not say so.

SERVANT.

(*entering.*) Mr. Vosnessensky.

KARENIN.

Oh, he must have Fedia's answer.

LISA.

(*to* KARENIN.) Ask him in.

(*The* SERVANT *goes out.*)

KARENIN.

(*rising and going to the door.*) You see, the answer has come at once.

LISA.

(*passing the child to the* NURSE.) I can hardly believe, Victor, that it will be settled as we wish.

(*She kisses the child.* NURSE *takes it away.*)

(VOSNESSENSKY *enters.*)

KARENIN.

Well?

VOSNESSENSKY.

He was not in.

KARENIN.

Not in? Then the petition is not yet signed?

VOSNESSENSKY.

No; it is not. But there is a letter from him, addressed to you and Elizaveta Andreevna. (*He takes a letter out of his pocket and gives it*

to KARENIN.) I called at his house, and was told that he had gone to a restaurant. They gave me the address. I went there and found Fedor Vasilievich, who asked me to call for the answer in an hour. I called and —

KARENIN.

This is too bad! He is trying again to gain time by inventing all sorts of excuses. How low he has sunk!

LISA.

Read the letter. What does he say?

(KARENIN *opens the letter.*)

VOSNESSENSKY.

Do you want me any more?

KARENIN.

No. Good-bye. I thank you for — (*He stops in the middle of the sentence, amazed by what he reads in the letter.*)

(VOSNESSENSKY *goes out.*)

LISA.

What is the matter? What is in that letter?

KARENIN.

Horrible! Horrible!

LISA.

(*rushing to seize the letter.*) Read it to me!

KARENIN.

(*reading.*) "Lisa and Victor, I write to you both. I am not going to lie, and call you 'dear' and the like. I cannot master a feeling of bitterness; I cannot help reproaching — not you, of course, but myself — when I think of you, of your love, your happiness. And I am wretched, because that is an accusation of myself. I know Victor. I know that, in spite of my being the husband, it is I who am the intruder. I stood in your way, I am the cause of all your troubles. And yet I cannot help feeling bitter and disliking both of you. At a distance I love you both, particularly Lisa, darling Lisa — but when I think of you closely, I feel worse than indifferent. I know I am wrong, but I cannot change."

LISA.

What is all that for?

KARENIN.

(*continuing.*) "But all this is not to the point. What I am going to tell you is this: a change in my feelings has made me fulfil your wish in a dif-

ferent way from what you desired. To lie, to act a disgusting comedy, to bribe the consistory officials — the ugliness of all that is distasteful to me. I am a bad man myself, but not in that way. I cannot be a party to such low, dirty tricks. I simply am *unable* to. The other issue on which I have decided is the very simplest: you must marry — that is the only way for you to be happy. I am in your way — consequently, I must disappear."

LISA.

(*snatching* KARENIN'S *hand.*) Victor!

KARENIN.

(*reading.*) "I must disappear. And so I will. When this letter reaches you I shall be no more. P.S.— I am sorry you have sent me money for divorce expenses. This is unpleasant, and unlike you. But that cannot be mended now. I have done so many shabby things in my life; well, now it's your turn for once in a way. The money shall be sent back to you. The way I have found to settle things is much shorter and cheaper, and it is the surest one. I ask you only not to be angry with me, and not to think badly of me. And there is one thing more: I know a poor man, the watchmaker Eugene. Could you help him? He is a

weak man, but very honest and good. Good-bye. Fedia."

LISA.

He has killed himself!

KARENIN.

(*rings the bell and runs to the hall.*) Ask Mr. Vosnessensky to come back.

LISA.

I knew that would be the end. Fedia! Fedia darling!

KARENIN.

Lisa!

LISA.

It is not true I ceased to love him! I love him alone, and nobody else. And I have brought him to his end. Leave me alone!

(VOSNESSENSKY *returns.*)

KARENIN.

Where is Fedor Vasilievich? What did they tell you?

VOSNESSENSKY.

They told me he had gone out in the morning, leaving this letter, and had not come back.

KARENIN.

I must find out. I leave you, Lisa.

LISA.

Don't be angry with me. I can't lie either. Leave me now. Try, try to find out.

ACT V

SCENE I

A dirty room in a cheap restaurant.

(*People are sitting around the table, drinking tea and vodka. Near the front a small table, at which is sitting* FEDIA. *He is in rags, and has fallen very low. By his side is* PETUSHKOV, *a delicate, keen-faced man, with long hair, spiritual face. Both are slightly tipsy.*)

PETUSHKOV.

I quite understand. This is real love. Well, go on.

FEDIA.

Of course we could expect a girl of our class to feel like that, to sacrifice everything for the man

she loves. But this girl is a gipsy, educated to care only for money and to squeeze it out of every one. And yet she has this pure disinterested love. She gives everything without asking for anything in return. It's the contrast of it that strikes me most.

PETUSHKOV.

Yes, that's what we painters call "les valeurs." To produce the exact impression of scarlet, you must have green round it. Well, that is not the point. I understand.

FEDIA.

The only good I have done in life is that I have not taken advantage of her love. And do you know why?

PETUSHKOV.

Was it because you pitied her?

FEDIA.

No, no. I did not pity her. But I had a sort of admiration for her. And when she used to sing — oh, how wonderfully she sang, and probably sings now! — not only then, but always, I looked up to her. I have not ruined her life, simply because I loved her truly. And now she is simply a dear, a very dear memory to me. (*He drinks.*)

PETUSHKOV.

I understand. You are a true idealist.

FEDIA.

Now listen. I have had other passions in my life. Once I was very much in love with a pretty woman — basely, vilely, like a dog. She gave me a rendezvous. I did not go. And why? Because of her husband; I felt I could not behave meanly to him. The strange thing is that when I remember that I want to feel glad, and to be satisfied with myself for having behaved like an honest man; instead, I repent as if I committed a sin. With Masha it is just the contrary. I rejoice at not having polluted my love. However low I may fall, for whatever mean trifles I sell my life, though I am covered with vermin and mange, this diamond will remain untarnished, this ray of sunlight will shine for ever in my soul.

PETUSHKOV.

I understand. Where is she now?

FEDIA.

I don't know. I don't want to know. All that belongs to the past. I don't want to mix it with my present life.

(*At the table behind them a* WOMAN *screams. The* MANAGER *comes with a policeman, and they take her away.* FEDIA *and* PETUSHKOV *watch them, listen, and are silent.*)

PETUSHKOV.

(*when all is silent again.*) Yes, your life is a very wonderful one.

FEDIA.

Oh no, it is quite simple. In our class — the one in which I was born — three courses only are open to a man; the first is to go into the government service, to make money and to increase the ugliness of the life round you. This was disgusting to me, or perhaps I was simply unfit for it; but disgust was the stronger motive. The second course is to destroy the ugly conditions of life. But only heroes can do that, and I am not a hero. The third issue is to drink in order to forget, to indulge in dissipation, and to sing. That was my choice — I sang, and you see what end my singing has led me to. (*He drinks.*)

PETUSHKOV.

And marriage? Home life? I should have been happy if I had a good wife. My wife was the cause of my ruin.

FEDIA.

Home life? Oh yes, my wife was an ideal one. She is still alive. But, don't you know, there was no sparkle in her. You know how, in order to make kvass fizz, they put a currant into the bottle. Well, that currant was lacking in our life. It did not sparkle. That is why I tried to find oblivion somehow. I began to behave disgracefully. And you know, I dare say, that we love those who surround us just for the good we are doing them, and our dislikes are caused by the evil we do them. I wronged her greatly. She seemed to love me.

PETUSHKOV.

Why do you say "seemed?"

FEDIA.

I say so because she somehow could not creep into my heart, as Masha did. But I don't want to speak about that. There were times when she was going to have a baby, or when she was nursing, and I stayed away for days and came home quite drunk. Of course, that was why I loved her less and less. (*Ecstatically.*) Oh, I know, I realise it only at this very moment: the reason why I love Masha is that I did her good, and not evil.

That's it. And the other one I actually tormented, and did not love. I simply did not love her. I was jealous for a time, but that was soon over.

(A MAN *approaches,* ARTEMIEV *by name, dressed in a shabby but carefully mended coat; his moustaches are dyed, and he wears an order on his coat.*)

ARTEMIEV.

Good appetite, gentlemen. (*Bowing to* FEDIA.) You have made the acquaintance of our artist?

FEDIA.

(*coolly.*) Yes, I have.

ARTEMIEV.

(*to* PETUSHKOV.) Have you finished that portrait you were commissioned to paint?

PETUSHKOV.

No; I didn't get the commission after all.

ARTEMIEV.

(*Sitting down.*) You don't mind my sitting here with you?

(FEDIA *and* PETUSHKOV *remain silent.*)

PETUSHKOV.

Fedor Vasilievich was telling me about his life.

ARTEMIEV.

Oh, secrets? I won't disturb you. Go on. I don't want you. Pigs! (*He goes to the next table, sits down and orders beer. He listens to the talk of the other two.*)

FEDIA.

I don't like that man.

PETUSHKOV.

He is offended.

FEDIA.

I don't care. I cannot stand people like that. I know I couldn't open my mouth in his presence. It's different with you — I feel quite at my ease. Well, what was I saying?

PETUSHKOV.

You were speaking about your jealousy. How did you part with your wife?

FEDIA.

Oh, that! (*A pause.*) It is altogether a very strange story. My wife has married.

PETUSHKOV.

How's that? Are you divorced?

FEDIA.

No. (*He smiles.*) She is a widow.

PETUSHKOV.

A widow? What do you mean?

FEDIA.

I mean what I say. She is a widow. I do not exist.

PETUSHKOV.

I don't understand.

FEDIA.

Don't you? I am dead. Yes, that's it.

(ARTEMIEV *leans towards them and listens intently.*)

Well, I think I may tell *you.* It happened a long time ago; and, besides, you don't know who I really am. That is how it happened: I was making my wife totally miserable, I had squandered everything I could lay hands on; in fact, I had become intolerable. Well, a man came forward to protect my wife. Don't imagine anything wicked and mean. He was a friend of

mine, a very good man, very straightforward, the exact opposite of me. And as there is much more bad than good in me, he, being the contrary of me, is the ideal of a good man: honest, firm, abstemious, virtuous in all respects. He knew my wife from the time she was quite a child. He was in love with her when she married me, and he bore his fate patiently. But after I had become disreputable, and she was in great straits, he came oftener to our house. I liked him to myself. She fell in love with her old friend, while I only behaved worse and worse, and then left my wife altogether. At that time I was madly in love with Masha. I proposed myself that they should marry. They did not want to. I went on misbehaving, and finally, of course —

PETUSHKOV.

The usual thing in this world!

FEDIA.

No. I feel sure that their love remained pure. I know it did. He is very religious, and marriage without the sanction of the Church is a sin in his eyes. Well, they wanted me to get a divorce, and I agreed to it. I was to plead guilty. But, oh! all the lies I would have had to tell. I could not

face it. I wonder whether you can believe it, but really I preferred killing myself to telling lies. I was on the point of doing so when a kind friend showed me that it was quite unnecessary. We did, accordingly, something quite different. I sent a farewell letter — and the next day my clothes and my notebook were found on the bank. I don't swim — that was known.

PETUSHKOV.

But how could they believe you dead if your body had not been found?

FEDIA.

It was found. Just imagine! A week after, some body or other was dragged out of the water. My wife was sent for to identify it as mine. It was quite decomposed. She looked at it. "Is that he?" they asked. "Yes, it is." That settled it. I have been buried; they married, live here in this town, and are very happy indeed. And you see what has become of me. I live and drink. Yesterday I passed their house. The windows were lit; some one's shadow passed across the window. Sometimes I feel very wretched, but at others I am all right. The worst is when I have no cash. (*He drinks.*)

ARTEMIEV.

(*approaching them.*) Excuse me, but you know I have been listening to that story of yours. A very entertaining one it is — and, the best of it is, a very profitable one. You say you dislike having no money. That is highly unpleasant, no doubt. And in your position you ought always to have lots of cash. You are dead, you say. Stone-dead, eh? Well —

FEDIA.

Look here, I did not tell *you* anything, and I am in no need of any advice from you.

ARTEMIEV.

But I want to give you a bit of advice. You are dead, aren't you? Well, if it were found out that you were alive, then those two, your wife and the man she's so happy with now, would be condemned for bigamy. The least sentence they could get would be deportation. Then why should you be short of money?

FEDIA.

Will you please leave me alone?

ARTEMIEV.

Just write them a letter. And if you don't

want to, let me write. Give me only their address, and you'll be grateful to me.

FEDIA.

Get away from here, I say. I did not tell you anything.

ARTEMIEV.

You did. I have a witness. The waiter here heard you saying you were dead.

WAITER.

I don't know anything about it.

FEDIA.

You wretch!

ARTEMIEV.

I am a wretch? Waiter, call a policeman. I'll let the authorities know about this.

(FEDIA *rises to go.* ARTEMIEV *holds him back.* *A* POLICEMAN *enters.*)

SCENE II

In the country. *A terrace hung with ivy.*

(ANNA DMITRIEVNA KARE-

NINA *is talking with* LISA (*enceinte.*) *The* NURSE *and* LISA'S BOY.

LISA.

He is already on his way from the station by now.

BOY.

Who's coming?

LISA.

Father.

BOY.

Oh, father's coming!

LISA.

C'est étonnant comme il l'aime. Tout à fait comme son père.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Tant mieux. Se souvient-il de son père veritable?

LISA.

(*sighing.*) I haven't told him. I think it would only confuse him. But sometimes I feel I ought to. What do you think, mama?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

It all depends on what you feel about it, Lisa. If you follow the suggestion of your own heart,

you will know when and what you ought to say. How wonderfully death reconciles us with those who are gone! I must confess there was a time when I simply hated Fedia — whom I knew as a boy. And now I just think of him only as a pleasant young man, Victor's friend. What an impulsive man he was! Of course, what he did was against the law, against religion. But all the same he sacrificed his life for those he loved. You may say what you like the action was a fine one. (*A pause.*) I hope Victor will not forget to bring me the wool. I shall soon have none left. (*She knits.*)

LISA.

There he comes.

(*The sound of approaching wheels and the tinkling of small bells attached to the harness is heard. She rises and goes to the end of the terrace.*)

He is not alone. I see a lady's hat at his side. Oh, that is mother! I have not seen her for ages. (*She goes to the door and meets* KARENIN *and* ANNA PAVLOVNA.)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

(*kissing* LISA *and* ANNA DMITRIEVNA.) Victor met me and brought me with him.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

That is nice.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I thought I had better come, so as not to put off my visit again. Here I am, and I will stay till the evening train, if you don't mind.

KARENIN.

(*Kissing his wife, the mother, and the boy.*) Congratulate me, all of you. I am so happy. I shan't have to go to town again for two days. They can manage without me to-morrow.

LISA.

Oh, how nice! Two days. It's so long since we've seen anything of you. Suppose we drive over to the hermitage. What do you say?

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

How like his father the boy is. And what a fine little fellow! I only wish he mayn't have inherited everything from his father: he has his kind heart.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

But not his weak will.

LISA.

He is like him in everything. Victor quite agrees with me that if Fedia had come under a good influence when he was young —

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

I don't understand all that. But I cannot think of Fedia without tears.

LISA.

We all feel just the same. We hold him far dearer in our memory than we did when he was alive.

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Yes, indeed.

LISA.

How hopeless it all seemed at one time, and then on a sudden all the difficulties were solved.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

(*to her son.*) Well, Victor, have you brought me some wool?

KARENIN.

Yes, I have. (*Taking some parcels out of his bag.*) There is your wool and the eau-de-Cologne, and here are the letters. A letter for you,

Lisa, with a magistrate's seal. (*He hands the letter to* LISA.) Well, Anna Pavlovna, if you care to tidy up, let me show you your room. I must go and wash after our drive; dinner will soon be ready. Lisa, shall I show Anna Pavlovna into the corner room downstairs?

(LISA, *quite pale, holds the letter with trembling hands and reads it.*)

KARENIN.

What is it, Lisa? What is in that letter?

LISA.

He is alive! O God, when shall I be free from him? O Victor, what does it all mean? (*She breaks into sobs.*)

KARENIN.

(*taking the letter and reading.*) Horrible!

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

What has happened? Tell me — tell me what it is!

KARENIN.

It is awful. He is alive. She is accused of bigamy, and I am a criminal too. This letter is from the investigating magistrate, who summons Lisa to him.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

Horrible wretch! Why did he do it?

KARENIN.

It was all a lie — a lie!

LISA.

Oh, how I hate him! — I don't know what I am saying.

(*She goes into the house in tears.* KARENIN *follows her.*)

ANNA PAVLOVNA.

Is it really possible he is alive? How can it be?

ANNA DMITRIEVNA.

I have always felt — that from the moment Victor came into touch with them, they were bound to drag him down into the mire. And they have. They are all lies — lies and deceit!

ACT VI

SCENE I

(*The* INVESTIGATING MAGISTRATE'S *office.*)

(*The* MAGISTRATE *sits at the*

table, talking with MELNIKOV. *His* CLERK *is looking through a pile of paper.*)

MAGISTRATE.

I never told her that. She invented it all, and now she reproaches me.

MELNIKOV.

She does not reproach you, but she is hurt.

MAGISTRATE.

Well, I will come to dinner. Just now I have an interesting case. (*To the* CLERK.) Call them in, please.

CLERK.

Both?

MAGISTRATE.

(*finishing a cigarette.*) No, first Madame Karenina, or, rather, Madame Protassova, to call her by her first name.

MELNIKOV.

Oh, it is Madame Karenina.

MAGISTRATE.

Yes, an ugly business. I am only beginning the inquiry, but I can see it is a bad business. Well, good-bye.

(MELNIKOV *goes out.*
The CLERK *goes out and fetches* LISA. *She is in a black dress and black veil.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Be seated, please. (*He points to the chair at the side of his table.* LISA *sits down.*) I am very sorry, believe me, to have to question you. But it is my duty. Be perfectly quiet, please. You have the right not to answer questions if you do not want to. But I should advise you not to conceal the truth — this is by far the best for you and for all the others. From the practical point of view the truth will be far the best policy.

LISA.

I have nothing to conceal.

MAGISTRATE.

(*looking in the paper before him.*) Your rank? Religion? I have that down already. I suppose it is correct? (*He shows her the paper.*)

LISA.

(*reading.*) Yes.

MAGISTRATE.

You are charged with having contracted a sec-

ond marriage, well knowing that your first husband was alive.

LISA.

I did *not* know it.

MAGISTRATE.

And also with having bribed your first husband to pretend that he had committed suicide, in order that you might regain your freedom.

LISA.

That is all false.

MAGISTRATE.

Allow me to put to you a few questions. In July last, did you send him twelve hundred roubles?

LISA.

The money belonged to him. It was the sum produced by the sale of different things he left. When I parted with him, and was waiting for the divorce, I sent him this money.

MAGISTRATE.

Very well. This money was sent the 17th of July, that is, two days before he disappeared.

LISA.

I think that was the date. But I don't quite remember.

MAGISTRATE.

Now, why was your lawyer instructed to withdraw your petition for a divorce at precisely that time?

LISA.

I don't know.

MAGISTRATE.

Very well. Now, when the police asked you to examine the corpse, how did it happen that you identified it as being that of your husband?

LISA.

I was so much upset that I did not look at the corpse. I was so certain it was he that when they asked me whether it was I said I thought it was.

MAGISTRATE.

You did not examine the corpse, because you were in a state of great agitation. That is easily understood. Very well. But may I ask why you sent by post every month a certain sum of money to Saratov, the town where your first husband resided?

LISA.

It was my husband who sent that money. I cannot tell you to whom. It was a secret of his and not of mine. I can only assure you that it was not sent to Fedor Vasilievich. We were firmly convinced that he was dead. That is an absolute fact.

MAGISTRATE.

Very well. Permit me only to say, madam, that although we are servants of the law that does not prevent us from being humane. Believe me, I quite understand the sadness of your position, and have the greatest sympathy for your troubles. You were tied to a man who squandered your property, who was unfaithful; who, in short, made you miserable.

LISA.

I loved him.

MAGISTRATE.

Of course. Still it was quite natural for you to desire your liberty, and you chose this simple way without thinking that it might lead you to what is considered a crime — to bigamy. I quite understand that, and the jury will also understand. That is why I would advise you to tell the entire truth.

LISA.

I have told it. I have never lied in my life. (*She bursts into tears.*) May I go now?

MAGISTRATE.

I must ask you to remain here for a while. I will not trouble you with any more questions. None at all. I must ask you simply to read your deposition and to sign it. You will see whether I have taken down your answers correctly. Will you kindly sit here? (*Pointing to the table near the window; then to the clerk.*) Show in Mr. Karenin.

(*The clerk shows in* KARENIN, *looking earnest and rather solemn.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Be seated, please.

KARENIN.

Thank you. (*He remains standing.*) What do you want from me?

MAGISTRATE.

My duty is to make an inquiry.

KARENIN.

In what capacity?

MAGISTRATE.

(*smiling.*) In my capacity as investigating magistrate. You are here charged with a crime.

KARENIN.

Indeed? With what crime?

MAGISTRATE.

Bigamy. But kindly let me put you some questions. Pray be seated.

KARENIN.

No, thank you.

MAGISTRATE.

Your name?

KARENIN.

Victor Karenin.

MAGISTRATE.

Your rank?

KARENIN.

Chamberlain of the Imperial Court.

MAGISTRATE.

Your age?

KARENIN.

Thirty-eight.

MAGISTRATE.

Your religion?

KARENIN.

Orthodox Greek. I have never before been tried on any charge. Well, what next?

MAGISTRATE.

Were you aware that Fedor Vasilievich Protassov was alive when you contracted a marriage with his wife?

KARENIN.

No; I did not know that. We were certain that he was drowned.

MAGISTRATE.

To whom did you send money every month after the false report of Protassov's death?

KARENIN.

I refuse to answer that question.

MAGISTRATE.

Very well. What was the object of your having sent twelve hundred roubles to Protassov a few days before his simulated suicide on July 17th?

KARENIN.

The money was given me to post by my wife.

MAGISTRATE.

By Madame Protassov?

KARENIN.

By my wife to send to her husband. She considered that this sum of money was his property, and having parted with him she thought it unfair to keep his money.

MAGISTRATE.

One question more: why did you stop taking steps to obtain a divorce?

KARENIN.

Because Fedor Vasilievich had undertaken to do all that was necessary, and wrote me a letter to that effect.

MAGISTRATE.

You have that letter?

KARENIN.

No; I have lost it.

MAGISTRATE.

It is very awkward that everything should be lost that could have afforded proof that you are speaking the truth.

KARENIN.

What else do you want from me?

MAGISTRATE.

All I want is to do my duty; and what you want is to prove your innocence. So I should advise you, as I have advised Madame Protassova, not to conceal things which are sure to be found out, and to say frankly what actually happened. It is more advisable, because Protassov himself is in such a condition that he relates the actual facts about everything, and will probably do so in court. I should strongly advise you —

KARENIN.

I shall be obliged if you will do your duty strictly without volunteering any kind of advice. May we go? (*He goes to* LISA, *who takes his arm.*)

MAGISTRATE.

I am sorry, but I must keep you here just now.

(KARENIN *turns to him with astonishment.*)

Oh no, I don't mean to arrest you, although it would greatly facilitate my inquiry. But I shall not proceed to that step. I only want to

question Protassov in your presence, and confront him with you, to give you an opportunity of proving the untruth of his statements. Be seated, please. (*To the clerk.*) Call in Mr. Protassov.

(*The clerk fetches in* FEDIA, *in rags, a total wreck.*)

FEDIA.

(*to* LISA *and* KARENIN.) Elizaveta Andreevna, Victor, it is not my fault it has come to this. I wanted only to do the best for you. If I am guilty, forgive me. (*He bows to the ground before them.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Will you, please, answer my questions?

FEDIA.

Ask whatever you like.

MAGISTRATE.

Your name?

FEDIA.

But you know it.

MAGISTRATE.

Answer, please.

FEDIA.

Fedor Protassov.

MAGISTRATE.

Rank, religion, age?

FEDIA.

(*after a short silence.*) You ought to be ashamed to ask such silly questions. Ask something to the point, and leave all that nonsense.

MAGISTRATE.

Be careful, please, in your expressions. Answer my questions.

FEDIA.

Well, as you are not ashamed. My rank: graduate of the University of Moscow. My age: forty. My religion: orthodox Greek. What next?

MAGISTRATE.

Did Mr. Karenin and his wife know you were alive when you left your clothes on the bank and disappeared?

FEDIA.

They did not. There can be no doubt about that. I actually intended to kill myself, but then — But I need not tell you all that. The point is that they did *not* know.

MAGISTRATE.

Your statements to the police officer contained a different story. What is the meaning of that?

FEDIA.

What police officer? Oh yes, a police officer came to the Rjanov night-shelter to see me. I was drunk, and I told all sorts of lies. I don't remember now what I said. That was all nonsense. Now I am not drunk, and I am telling you the truth. They did not know. They believed me dead. How glad I was they did! And it would have been all right for ever but for that wretch Artemiev. But if somebody must be found guilty, it is only I.

MAGISTRATE.

I understand your desire to be generous, but the law wants the truth. Why had you money sent to you?

(FEDIA *makes no answer.*)

MAGISTRATE.

You received that money through a man named Semenov, in Saratov.

(FEDIA *makes no answer.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Why do you not answer? My report will men-

tion that the defendant did not answer these questions. This would certainly be in favour of the prosecution, and hurt both you and the other two. Don't you see that?

FEDIA.

(*silent for a moment, then passionately.*) Oh, are you not ashamed, sir? Why do you thrust yourself into other people's lives! You are engrossed by the power you possess, and you must show it off! You cause endless pain — moral pain, much worse than physical torture — to those who are a thousand times better and worthier than you.

MAGISTRATE.

I beg —

FEDIA.

Don't beg. I will tell you what I think, and you (*to the clerk*) just write it down. At least, for the first time, one of these reports will contain sense, and something manly. (*Raising his voice.*) There are three of us: she, he, and I. The relations between us have been very complicated: a moral struggle, the like of which you never dreamed of. This struggle has brought about a situation which solved the difficulties. All our troubles were over. They were happy, they loved my memory. I, in my disgrace, was happy too, because I had done

the right thing; because I had disappeared from life — and quite right too — so as not to be in the way of those who were full of life and lived an honest life. We all lived as we ought to. Then suddenly a blackmailing blackguard comes along, and wants me to be a party to his plan of blackmail. I turn him out. He goes to you, the champion of justice, the guardian of morality. And you, just because you get some wretched monthly screw for your filthy work, you put on your uniform and swagger at your ease; showing off your power over those who tower above you, and who would not let you pass the threshold of their houses. You have climbed to a sort of pinnacle, and you are happy —

MAGISTRATE.

I shall have you turned out.

FEDIA.

Oh, I am not afraid of anything. I am a dead man — you can do nothing to me. I can't be worse off than I am, whatever you do to me. You may order me out. I don't mind.

KARENIN.

May we go?

MAGISTRATE.

Sign your deposition first.

FEDIA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! You pitiful beast!

MAGISTRATE.

Take him away. I shall make out an order for your arrest.

FEDIA.

(*to* KARENIN *and* LISA.) Forgive me.

KARENIN.

(*stretching out his hand to him.*) It was fated to happen so.

(LISA *passes;* FEDIA *bows low to her.*)

SCENE II

A passage in law the court. In the background is a glass door, with a GUARD *standing before it. To the right is another door, through which the Prisoners are being conducted to the court.*

IVAN PETROVICH, *in rags, goes to the door on the right, and tries to pass through it.*

GUARD.

Stop! No admission here. How dare you!

IVAN PETROVICH.

Why no admission? The law says that the sittings of the court are public.

(*Applause is heard from within.*)

GUARD.

No admission, I say. I am ordered not to let anybody pass.

IVAN PETROVICH.

You rude fellow! You don't know whom you are addressing.

(*A* YOUNG LAWYER *enters.*)

YOUNG LAWYER.

Are you here on business?

IVAN PETROVICH.

No, I am one of the public. And this rude fellow, this Cerberus, won't let me go in.

YOUNG LAWYER.

This is not the entrance for the public. Wait a minute; the court will adjourn presently for lunch.

(*He is about to go, but stops, seeing* PRINCE ABRESKOV *coming in.*)

IVAN PETROVICH.

I ought to be admitted, anyhow.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

May I inquire how far the proceedings have gone?

YOUNG LAWYER.

The speeches for the defence have just begun. Petrushin is speaking now.

(*Applause is heard from the court.*)

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

What attitude do the defendants adopt?

YOUNG LAWYER.

Very dignified indeed, especially that of Karenin and Elizaveta Andreevna. It is as if they were the judges and not the defendants. This is the general impression. And Petrushin is taking advantage of that.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

And Protassov?

YOUNG LAWYER.

He is extremely excited, trembles all the time.

Quite natural, considering his life. But he is too irritable. He interrupted the counsel for the prosecution more than once, and his own counsel. He is in a frightful state of excitement.

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

What sentence do you anticipate?

YOUNG LAWYER.

It is hard to say; it is a very mixed jury. Obviously the jury won't bring it in that there has been any premeditation. But, all the same . . .

(*The door opens, a gentleman comes out of the court,* PRINCE ABRESKOV *moves to the door.*)

YOUNG LAWYER.

Would you like to go in?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

I should, very much.

YOUNG LAWYER.

You are Prince Abreskov?

PRINCE ABRESKOV.

Yes.

YOUNG LAWYER.

(*to the Guard.*) Let this gentleman pass. There is a free seat on the left; take it.

(PRINCE ABRESKOV *is allowed to enter; a door is opened for him, the* COUNSEL *for the defence is seen through it speaking.*)

IVAN PETROVICH.

Silly aristocrats! I am an intellectual aristocrat. That's something much more.

YOUNG LAWYER.

Excuse me. (*He goes off hurriedly.*)

PETUSHKOV (*entering.*)

There you are, Ivan Petrovich! How are you? How far have the proceedings gone?

IVAN PETROVICH.

The speeches for the defence have begun. Don't try to pass. They will not let you.

GUARD.

Silence. You are not in a public-house here.

(*Further applause is heard. The door opens, and there is a*

rush of LAWYERS, GENTLEMEN, *and* LADIES *into the passage.*)

FIRST LADY.

Wonderful! He moved me to tears.

OFFICER.

It is more thrilling than any novel. But I cannot understand how she could have loved him. Such a horrible face!

(*The other door opens and the* DEFENDANTS *appear;* LISA *and* KARENIN *go through the passage.* FEDIA *follows them.*)

FIRST LADY.

Don't talk. Here he comes. Look how agitated he is.

(*The* LADY *and* OFFICER *pass off.*)

FEDIA.

(*Coming near to Ivan Petrovich.*) You have brought it?

IVAN PETROVICH.

Here it is. (*He hands him a case.*)

FEDIA.

(*hides it in his pocket and moves to go; then sees*

PETUSHKOV.) How stupid it all is. How wearisome! How meaningless! (*He turns to go.*)

PETRUSHIN.

(*his counsel; a stout man, with red cheeks, very animated.*) Well, my friend, our case is looking up. But don't spoil things in your last speech.

FEDIA.

I shall not speak at all. I don't want to.

PETRUSHIN.

No? — you must. But don't be uneasy. Now we are pretty sure to win. You just tell them what you told me — that if you are being tried it is for not having committed suicide, which would have meant committing a crime indeed, against both civil and ecclesiastic laws.

FEDIA.

I shall not tell them anything.

PETRUSHIN.

Why not?

FEDIA.

I don't want to. Tell me only — at the worst, what can happen?

PETRUSHIN.

I told you. At the worst, it might be deportation to Siberia.

FEDIA.

Who would be deported?

PETRUSHIN.

You and your wife.

FEDIA.

And at the best?

PETRUSHIN.

Penance in a monastery, and, of course, the annulment of the second marriage.

FEDIA.

In fact, I shall be tied to her again. I mean she tied to me?

PETRUSHIN.

Well, that cannot be helped. But don't be so agitated. And please say what I told you to say. I beseech you not to say what is unnecessary. You want — (*noticing that they are surrounded by listeners.*) I am tired. I will go and rest. You ought to rest also in the meanwhile. And mind, don't let yourself be alarmed.

FEDIA.

No other sentence could possibly be expected?

PETRUSHIN.

(*going.*) No other.

(OFFICERS *of the Court enter, pass, and stand in the passage.*)

FEDIA.

Now then. (*He takes the revolver out of his pocket and shoots himself through the heart. He falls. All the people in the passage rush to him.*) I think I have not missed this time. Call Lisa.

(*People are crowding in from all the doors: Judges, witnesses, public.* LISA *rushes to Fedia.* MASHA, KARENIN, IVAN PETROVICH, PRINCE ABRESKOV *follow her.*)

LISA.

What have you done, Fedia! Why?

FEDIA.

Forgive me, I could not make you free before. . . . Now, it is not for you, it is for my own

sake. . . . I am much better so. I was ready even . . .

LISA.

You will live.

(*A doctor bends down over him, lays his ear to his heart.*)

FEDIA.

Oh, I know it is over. Good-bye, Victor. And, Masha, you are late this time. Oh, how happy I am now! (*Dies.*)

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

CHARACTERS

OLD AKULINA. Seventy years old; still brisk, dignified, old fashioned.

MICHAEL. Her son; thirty-five, passionate, proud, vain, strong.

MARTHA. His wife, thirty-two. A grumbler; talks a great deal and rapidly.

PARASKA. Ten years old. Daughter of Michael and Martha.

WATCHMAN TARAS. Fifty. Self-important, gives himself airs, speaks slowly.

TRAMP. Forty; wiry, thin, speaks stiltedly. When drunk is very free.

IGNAT. A chatterbox, gay, stupid.

NEIGHBOUR. Forty. Fussy.

AUTUMN. A hut with a closet.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

ACT I

Old AKULINA *is spinning; the housewife* MARTHA *is making dough; little* PARASKA *is rocking the cradle.*

MARTHA.

Oh, my heart has a boding of ill. What can he be about? It will be as bad as last time when he went to sell the wood. He spent nearly half on drink. And it's always my fault.

AKULINA.

Why reckon on evil? It is still early. It is a long way off. It takes time.

MARTHA.

Akimich has returned. It's not early. He left after my man, but my man is not back. Worry, worry, that's all the pleasure one gets.

AKULINA.

Akimich had sold his wood; he only had to deliver it. Our man was taking his to the market.

MARTHA.

I should not be afraid if he was alone, but he went with Ignat. And every time he goes out with that thick-headed mule — heaven help me! it never ends well, he always gets drunk. Day after day I struggle on. Everything depends on me. If anything good ever came along! But nothing pleasant ever happens, and it's work, work from morning till night.

The door opens, and the local watchman TARAS *enters with a ragged tramp.*

TARAS.

How do you do? I have brought you a lodger.

TRAMP.

(*Bowing.*) Greetings to the hosts.

MARTHA.

Why do you bring them to us so often? We had a man here Wednesday night. You always bring them to us. You ought to take them to Stepanida: she has no children. I don't know where to turn with mine, and you always bring tramps to us.

TARAS.

I take them to every one in turn.

MARTHA.

In turn, indeed! I have children. And my man is out.

TARAS.

If he sleeps here he won't wear out the place he lies on.

AKULINA.

(*To the* TRAMP.) Come in, sit down. Make yourself at home.

TRAMP.

Thanks. I should like something to eat, if possible.

MARTHA.

Hasn't had time to look round, and asks for food at once. Didn't you come through the village?

TRAMP.

(*Sighs.*) I'm not accustomed to this sort of thing in my position. But as I have nothing of my own —

AKULINA *rises, gets the bread, cuts a slice and gives it to the tramp.*

TRAMP.

(*Taking the bread.*) *Merci.* (*He sits down on the bench and eats greedily.*)

TARAS.

Where is Michael?

MARTHA.

Gone to town with the hay. It's time he was back, but he's not. I can't help thinking something has happened.

TARAS.

What could happen?

MARTHA.

What, indeed? Nothing good, of course; but you can count on something bad.

AKULINA.

(*Sitting down to her spinning wheel. To* TARAS, *pointing at* MARTHA.) She never can hold her tongue. I know, we women are not wise. But once he's out of the house, he doesn't care a rap. I expect him to come home drunk.

MARTHA.

If he was alone I wouldn't be afraid, but he went with Ignat.

TARAS.

(*Smiling.*) Oh, well, Ignat Ivanovich is a rare one for drink.

AKULINA.

What has Ignat got to do with him?

MARTHA.

It's all very well for you to talk, mother. But I'm just sick to death of his drunkenness. When he's sober, it would be a sin to complain, but when he's drunk you know what he's like. Don't say a word. Everything's wrong.

TARAS.

But what about you women? A man gets drunk. Well, what of that? He shows off a bit. Sleep it off, and all will be smooth again. But you women must pester.

MARTHA.

It doesn't matter what you do. If he's drunk, everything's wrong.

TARAS.

You must understand that a man can't help drinking sometimes. Your woman's work keeps you at home; but we can't help it, if we've got business or are in company. What if one does drink? There's no harm in it.

MARTHA.

It's all very well for you to talk, but it's hard on us women; oh! so hard. If you men were in our place for a week you'd alter your tune, I know. Make and bake, and boil and spin, and weave, and the cattle, and all the work, and these little naked things to be washed and dressed and fed. It all falls on us, and directly the least thing isn't exactly as he likes — there it is, especially when he's drunk. Oh, what a life is woman's!

TRAMP.

(*Munching.*) Quite true. Drink is the cause of it all, and all the catastrophes of life come from it.

TARAS.

It's evident that it's knocked you over.

TRAMP.

No, not exactly, though I have suffered from it too. Were it not for that, the course of my life might have been different.

TARAS.

Well, to my mind, if you drink wisely no harm comes of it.

TRAMP.

And I say it has such power that it may ruin a man.

MARTHA.

That's what I say. You work, you do your best, and all your reward is to be scolded or beaten like a dog.

TRAMP.

Not only that, but there are people who are slaves to it — who lose their heads through it, and perform actions that are quite undesirable. So long as he does not drink, give him anything you like, he will take nothing that does not belong to him. Once he's drunk, he grabs anything that comes to hand. He gets blows, he is put in prison. When he's not drunk he is honest, worthy; but directly he drinks, he becomes slavish — he takes anything he can.

AKULINA.

I think it depends on oneself.

TRAMP.

It depends on oneself when one is healthy, but drink is a disease.

TARAS.

A disease, indeed! You give him what he de-

serves, and that disease will very soon disappear. Good-bye, so long. (*He leaves.*)

MARTHA, *wiping her hands, is about to go out.*

AKULINA.

(*Looking at the tramp and seeing that he has eaten the bread.*) Martha, Martha, cut him some more.

MARTHA.

What next! I'm going to see to the samovar.

AKULINA *rises, goes to the table, takes the bread and cuts a slice and gives it to the tramp.*

TRAMP.

Merci. I have developed a great appetite.

AKULINA.

Are you a factory hand?

TRAMP.

Who? I? I was an engine-driver.

AKULINA.

Did you earn much?

TRAMP.

From 50 to 70 roubles a month.

AKULINA.

Dear me! How on earth did you come down in the world so?

TRAMP.

I'm not the only one who's come down in the world. I came down because we live in such times that an honest man can't make his way.

MARTHA.

(*Entering with samovar.*) O Lord, he's not back yet. He'll certainly be drunk. My heart tells me so.

AKULINA.

I'm beginning to think he's gone on the spree.

MARTHA.

There, you see! I have to struggle on alone, make and bake, boil and spin, and weave, and the cattle, it all falls on me, and these little naked things. (*She points to the children. The baby in the cradle screams.*) Parasha, rock the cradle. Oh, what a life is woman's! And if he's drunk it is all wrong. Say a word he doesn't like —

AKULINA.

(*Making the tea.*) Here's the last of the tea. Did you tell him to bring some?

MARTHA.

Of course. He meant to. But will he? Will he give a thought to his home? (*She puts the samovar on the table.*)

The TRAMP *leaves the table.*

AKULINA.

Why do you get up? We are going to have tea.

TRAMP.

I give you thanks for your kind hospitality. (*He throws down his cigarette and approaches the table.*)

MARTHA.

What are you? Are you a peasant or what?

TRAMP.

I'm neither a peasant nor a noble, missus; I belong to a double-edged class.

MARTHA.

What do you mean! (*Gives him a cup.*)

TRAMP.

Merci. I mean that my father was a Polish count; and besides him there were many more, and I had two mothers also.

AKULINA.

O Lord! How could you?

TRAMP.

It was this way, because my mother lived in prostitution — in polygamy, therefore — and there were all sorts of fathers, and there were two mothers, because the mother who bore me deserted me in my tender years. A yard-porter's wife took pity on me and brought me up. In general, my biography is complicated.

MARTHA.

Have some more tea. Were you apprenticed?

TRAMP.

My apprenticeship was unsatisfactory. I was given to a smith, not by my real mother but my adopted mother. That blacksmith was my first teacher. And his teaching consisted in beating me so, that he hit his anvil seldomer than my unhappy head. But no matter how much he beat me, he could not deprive me of talent. Then I went to a locksmith; there I was appreciated, and made my way. I became the chief craftsman; I made the acquaintance of educated men. I belonged to a party; I was able to acquire literary

speech. My life might have been raised, for I had enormous talent.

AKULINA.

Of course.

TRAMP.

And then there was a disturbance — the tyrannous burden of the people's life — and I got into prison, and was deprived of liberty of my life.

MARTHA.

What for?

TRAMP.

For rights.

MARTHA.

What rights?

TRAMP.

What rights! The rights that the well-to-do should not be everlastingly idle, and that the working proletariat should be rewarded for his toil.

AKULINA.

You're talking about the land.

TRAMP.

Of course. It is the same in the agrarian question.

AKULINA.

May the Lord and the Queen of Heaven grant it. We are sorely pushed for land.

TRAMP.

So my barque was carried along on the waves of life's ocean.

AKULINA.

What are you going to do now?

TRAMP.

Now? Now I'm going to Moscow. I shall go to some contractor. There's no help for it. I shall humble myself. I shall say, Give me any work you like, only take me on.

AKULINA.

Have some more tea.

TRAMP.

Thank you; I mean *merci.*

AKULINA.

There's Michael. Just in time for tea.

MARTHA.

(*Rises.*) Oh, woe betide us. He's with Ignat. So he's drunk.

MICHAEL *and* IGNAT *stumble into the room; both are drunk.*

IGNAT.

How do you do? (*He prays before the ikon.*) Here we are, you dirty skunk,* just in time for the samovar. We go to church — mass is just over; we go to dinner, just eaten up, but we go to the pub and we're in the nick of time. Ha-ha-ha. You offer us tea, we offer you vodka. That's all right, isn't it? (*He laughs.*)

MICHAEL.

Where did this swell come from? (*He takes a bottle from his coat pocket and puts it on the table.*) Where are the cups?

AKULINA.

Did you have a good trip?

IGNAT.

It couldn't have been better, you dirty skunk. We drank, we had a good time, and here we are.

MICHAEL.

(*Fills the cup, and hands one to his mother and then one to the tramp.*) Have a drink, too.

* *Literally,* "dirty stick"— a very offensive expression in Russia.— *Editor.*

TRAMP.

(*Takes cup.*) I give you heartfelt thanks. To your health. (*Empties cup.*)

IGNAT.

You're a brick, you dirty skunk, to gulp it down like that. I expect it's gone all down your muscles after your fast. (*He pours out more vodka.*)

TRAMP.

(*Drinking.*) I wish success to all you undertake.

AKULINA.

Did you get a good price?

IGNAT.

Whatever the price was, it's all gone on drink, you dirty skunk. Hasn't it, Michael?

MICHAEL.

Of course. What's the good of looking at money? It's not often you get the chance of a spree.

MARTHA.

What are you showing off for? It's not nice. There's no food in the house, and you go on like this.

MICHAEL.

(*Threateningly.*) Martha!

MARTHA.

What's the good of saying Martha? I know I'm Martha. The very sight of you makes me sick, you shameless drunkard!

MICHAEL.

Martha, you take care.

MARTHA.

Take care, indeed. I shan't take care.

MICHAEL.

Pour out the vodka, and offer it to the guests.

MARTHA.

Oh, you blear-eyed dog! I don't want to speak to you.

MICHAEL.

You don't! You dog's hide! What did you say?

MARTHA.

(*Rocking the cradle.*) What did I say? I said I didn't want to speak to you, so there!

MICHAEL.

Ah, you've forgotten? (*Springs from the table and gives her a blow on the head that displaces her shawl.*)

MARTHA.

(*Running to the door.*) Oh-h-h-h!

MICHAEL.

You shan't go away, you beast! (*Rushes towards her.*)

TRAMP.

(*Jumps from the table and seizes* MICHAEL'S *hand.*) You have no right whatever to do that.

MICHAEL.

(*Pausing and looking at the tramp with amazement.*) Is it long since you had a thrashing?

TRAMP.

You have no right whatever to insult the female sex.

MICHAEL.

Oh, you hound. Do you see that? (*He shows him his fist.*)

TRAMP.

You are not allowed to exploit the female sex.

MICHAEL.

I'll give you such a sound licking that you won't know your head from your heels.

TRAMP.

Well, beat me. Why don't you? Beat me. (*He offers him his face.*)

MICHAEL.

(*Shrugs his shoulders and lifts his hands.*) Well, if I do —

TRAMP.

You may sin seven times; you can only pay the penalty once. Beat me.

MICHAEL.

You are a queer man, I must say. (*He drops his arms and shakes his head.*)

IGNAT.

It's easy to see you're pretty gone on women, you dirty skunk.

TRAMP.

I stand up for rights.

MICHAEL.

(*To* MARTHA, *going to the table and breathing heavily.*) Well, Martha, you'd better light

a big candle, and say a good prayer for him.* If it hadn't been for him I'd have beaten you to pulp.

MARTHA.

What else do I expect from you? Struggle all your life, bake and boil, and directly —

MICHAEL.

That'll do, that'll do. (*He offers the tramp some vodka.*) Drink. (*To his wife.*) What are you making such a fuss about? Can't understand a joke. Here, take the money, and put it away. Here are six roubles and forty kopeks.

AKULINA.

What about the tea and sugar she asked for?

MICHAEL *gets a packet out of his pocket and gives it to his wife.* MARTHA *takes the money and the parcel and goes into the closet, silently arranging the shawl on her head.*

MICHAEL.

These women folk are such fools. (*He offers more vodka.*)

* It is a custom in Russia to light candles before ikons in the churches, and to light one on behalf of the person you wish to thank is a common way of expressing gratitude.—*Editor.*

TRAMP.

(*Refusing.*) Drink it yourself.

MICHAEL.

Don't stand on ceremony.

TRAMP.

(*Drinks.*) All success to you.

IGNAT.

(*To the* TRAMP.) I expect you've seen many sights. Oh, you've got a fine coat on, a real good coat. Wherever did you get it? (*He touches the ragged coat.*) Don't you mend it; it's fine just as it is. Years are telling on it, but you can't help that. If I had a coat like that the women would love me too. (*To* MARTHA.) Wouldn't they?

AKULINA.

You ought not to make fun of a man that you know nothing about, Ignat.

TRAMP.

It is want of education.

IGNAT.

I mean it kindly. Drink. (*Offers cup.*)

TRAMP *drinks.*

AKULINA.

You said yourself that it was the cause of all things, and that you'd been to prison through it.

MICHAEL.

What did you do time for?

TRAMP.

(*Very drunk.*) I suffered because I made an appropriation.

MICHAEL.

How?

TRAMP.

It was like this. We came to him, the fat-bellied creature, and we said, "Money — if not, see here's a revolver." He tried every way, this way and that, but he gave us 2,300 roubles.

AKULINA.

O Lord!

TRAMP.

We were just going to distribute this sum fairly; Zembrikov was our leader. But the crows were down on us. We were arrested — sent to prison.

IGNAT.

And did they take the money.

TRAMP.

Of course. But they could not bring it home to me. The prosecuting counsel said to me, "You have stolen money." I answered at once, "Robbers steal; but we have simply appropriated for the party." He couldn't say anything to that. He tried one thing and another, but he could not answer. "Take him away to prison," he said, thus cutting short my liberty of my life.

IGNAT.

(*To* MICHAEL.) He's clever, the hound. A brick. (*He offers more vodka.*) Drink, you dirty skunk.

AKULINA.

What language you do use.

IGNAT.

I'm not swearing, grannie. That's only a little phrase of mine — dirty skunk, dirty skunk. To your health, grannie.

MARTHA *comes in, goes to the table and pours out tea.*

MICHAEL.

That's all right. What's the good of being offended? I say thank you to him. I respect

you, Martha, ever so much. (*To the* TRAMP.) Don't you make a mistake. (*He puts his arm round* MARTHA.) I respect my old woman — that's how I respect my old woman. My old woman; she's AI. I wouldn't change her for anybody.

IGNAT.

That's right. Grannie Akulina, have a drink. I stand it.

TRAMP.

Such is the power of alcoholic stimulation. Every one was in a state of melancholy. Now all is pleasant. Friendly feeling reigns, grannie. I feel full of love to you and to all mankind. Dear brothers. (*He sings a revolutionary song.*)

MICHAEL.

It affects him very much. He's been starved.

ACT II

The same hut. Morning. AKULINA *and* MARTHA. MICHAEL *is still sleeping.*

MARTHA.

(*Picking up the axe.*) I'm going to chop some wood.

AKULINA.

(*With a pail.*) He'd have knocked you about badly yesterday if it hadn't been for that other one. I don't see him. Has he gone? I expect he has.

They both go out.

MICHAEL.

(*Getting down from the stove.*) Oh, oh, the sun is up. (*He gets up and puts on his boots.*) I suppose the women have gone to fetch water. Oh, my head does ache. But I don't care. It can go to the devil. (*Says his prayers; washes.*) I'll go and harness the horse.

MARTHA *enters with wood.*

MARTHA.

Where's yesterday's beggar? Is he gone?

MICHAEL.

I suppose so. I don't see him.

MARTHA.

It doesn't matter. But he is clearly a clever man. He said he earned fifty roubles a month. He is a good man also.

MICHAEL.

You think he is good because he took your part.

MARTHA.

What of that?

MICHAEL *dresses.*

MARTHA.

Did you put away the tea and sugar you brought home last night?

MICHAEL.

I thought you took them.

AKULINA *enters with the pail.*

MARTHA.

(*To the old woman.*) Mother, did you take the parcel?

AKULINA.

I don't know anything about it.

MICHAEL.

I put it down on the window sill last night.

AKULINA.

I saw it there.

MARTHA.

Where can it be? (*Searches.*)

AKULINA.

It's a bad job.

A NEIGHBOUR *enters.*

NEIGHBOUR.

Well, Michael, are you ready to go for the wood?

MICHAEL.

Of course. I'll harness directly. But, you see, we've lost something.

NEIGHBOUR.

Have you? What is it?

MARTHA.

The master brought back a parcel of tea and sugar from town last night. He put it here on the window. I hadn't the sense to put it away, and now it's gone.

MICHAEL.

We suspect the tramp who slept here.

NEIGHBOUR.

What tramp?

MARTHA.

He was a thin man, without a beard.

MICHAEL.

With a ragged coat.

NEIGHBOUR.

And curly hair and a hooked nose?

MICHAEL.

Yes, yes.

NEIGHBOUR.

I just met him. I wondered to see him walk so fast.

MICHAEL.

It's sure to be him. Was he far off when you met him?

NEIGHBOUR.

I don't expect he's crossed the bridge yet.

MICHAEL.

(*Seizes his cap; he and the* NEIGHBOUR *run out.*) We must catch him, the rogue. He took it.

MARTHA.

Oh, what a sin. It's sure to be him.

AKULINA.

And what if it is not? Once, about twenty years ago, a man was accused of having stolen a

horse. The villagers gathered together; one said, "I saw him put a halter on him." Another said, "I saw him leading it off." The horse was a big, long, dappled one, easy to see. Everybody began to search for it. In the wood they met the young man. "You took it." He swore on his oath he hadn't. "You took it. What's the good of looking at him?" said one; "the women said they had seen him and they are right." He answered roughly. And George Lapushkin, a hot-tempered man he was — he's dead now — just lifted his fist and gave him a blow in the face. "It was you," he said. After that blow, every one fell on him; they struck him with sticks and with their fists, and they beat him to death. And then what do you think happened? The next day they found the real thief. The other young man had only gone to the wood to pick out a tree to fell.

MARTHA.

Of course, it's easy enough to make a mistake. Although he's not in a good position, it's clear he's a good man.

AKULINA.

He's fallen very low. What can you expect from such a man?

MARTHA.

Listen to them shouting! They are bringing him back, I expect.

MICHAEL *enters, also the* NEIGHBOUR, *an old man, and a boy. They push in the* TRAMP *between them.*

MICHAEL.

(*Holding the tea and sugar to his wife, excitedly.*) I found it in his trouser pocket. The thief, the rogue!

AKULINA.

(*To* MARTHA.) Yes, it's him, poor fellow. See how he hangs his head.

MARTHA.

He was evidently talking about himself yesterday, when he said that a man will take anything when he's drunk.

TRAMP.

I'm not a thief. I'm an appropriator. I am a worker, and I must live. You can't understand. You may do your worst.

NEIGHBOUR.

Shall we take him to the village elder, or straight to the police?

TRAMP.

Do what you like, I say. I am afraid of nothing, and can suffer for my convictions. If you were well educated you would understand.

MARTHA.

(*To her husband.*) Let him go in peace. We've got the parcel back. Let him go; don't let us sin.

MICHAEL.

(*Repeating his wife's words.*) Don't let us sin. You want to teach me! I don't know what to do without you?

MARTHA.

I only said you might let him off.

MICHAEL.

Let him off. Don't I know what to do unless you teach me, you fool? Let him off! He may go, but I have a word to say to him to make him feel what he's done. So you listen, *mossieu,* to what I have to say. You may be in a nasty fix, but what you've done is disgusting, very disgusting. Another man would break your ribs for it, and then take you to the police; but I say, You've done a nasty thing: it could not be worse. But you are in such a bad way that I don't want to

harm you. Go, go, in God's name, and don't do such a thing again. (*Turning to his wife.*) And you wanted to teach me.

NEIGHBOUR.

You're wrong, Michael; you're wrong to encourage them.

MICHAEL.

(*Still holding the parcel.*) If I'm wrong, I'm wrong. It's my business. (*To his wife.*) You want to teach me. (*He pauses, looks at the parcel, and with a decisive movement gives it to the* TRAMP, *looking at his wife.*) Take this, and drink tea on your way. (*To the wife.*) You want to teach me. Go along, go along; it's no good talking about it.

TRAMP.

(*Takes the parcel.— A pause.*) You think I don't understand? (*His voice trembles.*) I quite understand. Had you beaten me like a dog it would have been easier. Do you think I don't know what I am? I am a rogue: I mean a degenerate. Forgive me, for Christ's sake. (*Sobs, throws the parcel on the table, and leaves the hut hurriedly.*)

MARTHA.

I'm glad he didn't take the tea, or we couldn't have made any.

MICHAEL.

(*To his wife.*) You wanted to teach me.

NEIGHBOUR.

Poor fellow! he burst into tears.

AKULINA.

He is a man, too.

PG
3366
.A5W7
1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00023272866